The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXLII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1936 No. 3686

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THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

BIRTHDAY SPEECHES (Senator Vandenberg's phrase is "natal celebrations") are rarely either funny or important, but when the subjects are Lincoln and Washington and a campaign is approaching they may easily be both. The Republican strategists feel of course that they have a vested interest in the two men. Lincoln's greatness and the triumph of Northern business enterprise in the Civil War gave the party a class base and the prestige of a name; and Washington, as a Federalist, was of course the Republican of his day. But the Democrats have control of Congress and were not to be excluded from the orgy of quotation-mongering on February 12. Senator Barkley (D.) of Kentucky, in an incredibly turgid and inconsequential speech, gave a complete genealogy of the Lincoln family. Representative Randolph of West Virginia (D.) quoted Arthur Brisbane in praise of Nancy Hanks, and read a poem by a constituent who said that if Lincoln were alive to talk over the radio he would not talk on public problems but would tell a funny story. Representative Dorsey of Pennsylvania (D.) quoted Kipling's "If" in full, and insisted that Lincoln was "the New Dealer of his day." The only Republican, Representative Reed of Illinois, eulogized Lincoln as a conservative after whose death "the radicals and extremists obtained unrelenting control." But the important speeches were made outside Congress by the Republicans who are panting for the nomination. Senator Vandenberg spoke to a thousand resplendent Republican diners at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and continued the indecent Republican flirtation with the so-called Jeffersonian Democrats. Mr. Hoover spoke to an equally large audience in Portland and reinforced his growing reputation for wit and epigram. Colonel Knox had to be content with a smaller but exclusive audience at the Middlesex Club in Boston.

THE RADIO HUMMED with Republican static and Republican hopes. It was also eloquent with the unspoken Republican despair that there was so little in Lincoln that could be used to advantage. First of all, Lincoln the man of the people could have little meaning to the diners at the Waldorf-Astoria, and despite a few half-hearted attempts on Mr. Hoover's part to identify the fight against the New Deal with the cause of the worker, no one really believes that the Republican Party stands for the common man. One quotation from Lincoln that was not given among all the quotation-mongering was that "the strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds." Secondly, it is difficult to fight a "Roosevelt dictatorship" with the name and memory of a man who assumed more arbitrary executive power in a national emergency than any other President, and who suspended the Constitution while he was fighting a war. Thirdly, it is difficult to defend the present Supreme Court with a man who at the time of the Dred Scott decision said the clearest and strongest words against accepting the decisions of a partisan court that have ever been spoken. From this point of view the best commemoration of Lincoln was Senator Norris's masterful attack on the Hoosac decision, made in the Senate on Lincoln's Birthday. About all the rest Lincoln (if he were alive to hear it) could only have said what he said of slavery—"I bite my lips and keep quiet."

THE UNPREDICTABLE character of the Supreme Court's action was again shown in two decisions which the court handed down. Both involved the New York State Milk Control Act, which among other provisions set a differential of one cent between the mimimum prices that could be charged for advertised and non-advertised brands. In the Borden case the court by a five-to-four decision—the division being the same as in the earlier case of Nebbia *vs.* New York—upheld the differential. In the Mayflower Farms case, however, which involved the provision that this differential should not apply to firms which entered the field after April 10, 1933, the court by a six-to-three decision refused to uphold the provision. Both majority opinions were delivered by Justice Roberts. At first glance the two cases are bewildering. Two clauses of a statute, presumably embodying a similar degree of legislative wisdom, are treated differently by the court. In the Borden case the court approved of the

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legislative wisdom; in the Mayflower Farms case it disapproved. There are only two stable factors in the two opinions: one is that the court still arrogates to itself the right to pass final judgment on the wisdom of a legislative act; the second is that the court clings to a mechanical and archaic notion of the economic system—in Justice Roberts's words, "the natural laws of trade or industry." The consumer has learned to discard the notion of an automatic economic mechanism. He wants most to know whether the price-fixing in question is to save profits or whether it represents a genuine attempt to bring stability into a chaotic industry. But while it is legitimate for the consumer to ask this about the New York law, it was no concern of the judges. The only consistency is to be found in the three liberal justices, who in both cases took the stand that they have been taking ever since the fatal Schechter case—namely, that it is not the court's function to intrude its own notions of legislative policy where the action of the legislature can be held to be reasonable.

ON THE SAME DAY the freedom of the press was unanimously upheld in a ringing decision in the suit brought by thirteen Louisiana newspapers to defeat a tax laid upon them by the late Huey Long. The decision was in itself excellent, and while Justice Sutherland enunciated no new constitutional principle it is well to have on the record for future use in a fascist emergency such statements as "a free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves." The context of the case is more doubtful. The freedom involved is indicated by the fact that Elisha Hanson was its advocate. His presence also foreshadows the uses to which the decision may be put. It was Elisha Hanson who defended Mr. Hearst when the Newspaper Guild attempted to curtail the freedom of the Hearst press to fire Dean Jennings merely for belonging to a union. A more recent example of what Mr. Hanson and his clients mean when they speak of freedom of the press is to be found in Mr. Hanson's speech at the annual convention of the Ohio Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association in Columbus. Any effort, said Mr. Hanson, "to control a newspaper's revenue through an attack on advertising or circulation constitutes a direct threat" against that freedom. By this definition any strike, not only against a publisher but against a business organization that advertised in his paper, would constitute a threat to the freedom of the press. In support of his thesis Mr. Hanson also attacked the Wagner Labor Relations Act and warned his audience not to submit to it; he denounced the thirty-hour-week bill, and he told publishers to oppose the Social Security Act and to pay only under protest the taxes it provides. Mr. Hanson seems to suggest that when an old lady in Dubuque accepts a government pension—if she gets a chance—she too will be endangering our free press.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR in the Far East seems to have diminished rather than increased as a result of the recent series of armed clashes along the Manchoukuo-Mongolian border. Despite the exodus of wealthy Chinese from the affected zones, neither Moscow nor Tokyo appears to be greatly disturbed. The influential Japanese *Asahi* (Tokyo) has even gone so far as to revive the proposal for a non-aggression pact, suggested by the Soviet Union in 1931 and hitherto strongly opposed by Japan. This paradoxical situation can only be explained by the firmness of the Soviet attitude and by the realization on the part of Japanese militarists that they dare not tackle the powerful Red Army single-handed. The sorties into Mongolian territory were doubtless made for the purpose of discovering whether Moscow would support its Mongolian ally. Vigorous counter-attacks by well-equipped Mongolian troops supplied the answer. The closing of the Soviet consulate at Mukden, cited as a harbinger of war, was merely a conciliatory gesture in the face of a Japanese demand that the number of consulates—which are accredited to Nanking—be reduced. Barring a sudden change in the European outlook, there is little reason to believe that the Japanese will deliberately provoke war at the present moment. With the incidents at Mukden and Shanghai in mind, however, one would be rash to predict what local militarists might try.

IT HAS BEEN many months since Europe has furnished news as encouraging for democracy as are the results of the Spanish elections. A year ago the progressive forces of Spain were prostrate before the brutal attacks of the fascist clique headed by Gil Robles. Thousands of Socialists and liberals were in prison, including the entire leadership of the Catalan left. Aided by the conservative influence of the church and the landowners, and by the backwardness of the Spanish masses, reaction appeared to be in complete control. Yet in spite of these seemingly overwhelming handicaps the left coalition has scored a spectacular triumph, sweeping Catalonia and Madrid and obtaining at least half of the total number of seats in the new Parliament. While a second election will be necessary in some districts before the final outcome can be determined, the present government is expected to resign without awaiting the ultimate verdict. There is, of course, a danger that Robles will attempt a coup rather than see the left once more come into power. But the post-election demonstrations demanding the release of all political prisoners indicate that the left parties have regained sufficient popular support to thwart any such attempt. With the memories of the Asturian massacres behind them, the Socialists are unlikely to allow a second opportunity for attaining power to slip from their grasp.

THE BRUTAL ASSAULT on Léon Blum by members of the royalist Action Française has served to revive fears of a sanguinary outbreak in connection with the coming elections in France. Although the Sarraut government acted with commendable promptness in hunting down the assailants and in dissolving the royalist organizations, the incident cannot but inflame passions on both sides. The attack symbolized the crude brutality of the French fascist movement. While the assault was clearly the work of undisciplined ruffians, it was provoked by men high in the royalist councils. That the attack has not been wholly negative in effect was indicated, however, by the vast popular demonstration of February 16 when over 100,000 persons—Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists—paraded through the Latin Quarter of Paris. Given continued unity and a chance for peaceful election, there is little doubt that the French public will deliver its final rebuke to irresponsible terrorism by an overwhelming left victory in May.

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NOTHING COULD BE better calculated to rock the foundations of Chinese society than the denunciation of Chiang Kai-shek as "an enemy of the whole people" by his son, Chiang Chin-ko. Public disrespect for one's parents is the cardinal sin under China's code of ethics, a sin which cannot be extenuated. Yet Chiang Chin-ko, who was sent to Moscow by his father in 1926, not only attacks his parent as a reactionary for whom he is "ashamed before the Chinese people," but charges the elder Chiang with having driven his own mother to the grave with beatings and insults. Such charges of unfilial behavior, if openly aired in China, might very well suffice to drive Chiang from public life. The fundamental divergence of the son's outlook from that of his father may best be seen, however, when he declares that having attained "knowledge of . . . the method of liberating exploited, oppressed humanity," he could "never go home to drag out . . . a miserable existence as a timid weapon in the hands of a mountebank father." It is perhaps not wholly accidental that the only other important open family break in present-day China should also concern Chiang Kai-shek—the similar charge of the gross exploitation of China's millions leveled against him by his sister-in-law, Madam Sun Yat-sen. There is real hope for a new generation in China that refuses to be cowed by position, wealth, or the unbending traditions of a dead past.

WHILE WRATHFUL SENATORS threaten impeachment and indignant Assemblymen scurry around looking up regulations whereby a governor may be held for contempt, Governor Lehman stands by his guns in his attack on the honor of the "Honorable Bodies" at Albany. His charge that the influence of certain unnamed "powerful groups" was responsible for turning the state's lawmakers against the crime bills was doubtless sincerely felt by the Governor to be both justified and necessary. But its effect has been to stiffen the opposition to the bills and to becloud the basic issues by introducing the question of personal probity. While Governor Lehman unfortunately did not see fit to name names, it is entirely plausible that the force of organized racketeering is being exerted to defeat the bills. We commented last week on the fallacy of the premise underlying Governor Lehman's program—namely, that the failure of law enforcement can be cured by more law enforcement—and we commented also on the possible use of the crime bills against labor organization. We are none the less entirely behind Governor Lehman in his fight against the racketeering "big shots," and we are decidedly in favor of those elements of his crime program which represent the best thinking of criminologists and social workers. The Governor would be proceeding more realistically if he directed his efforts toward the elimination of corruption among police, magistrates, and prosecuting officers rather than toward increasing the rigor of the existing laws. From this standpoint it is encouraging that out of the travail produced by the Governor's statement there has emerged a proposal for an official investigation of the law-enforcing bodies of the state in order to locate the blame for the ineffectiveness of crime control.

PROTESTING WPA WORKERS got some excellent publicity in a good cause on February 15 when the New York City police broke up a demonstration 15,000 strong in Union Square and threw a young man into a patrol wagon head first. The young man turned out to be none other than Congressman Vito Marcantonio, which made a grand front-page story and gave Mayor LaGuardia another chance to be "unavailable for comment" on one of the persistent sore spots of his administration. The police department, it seems, had given permits for meetings in two different localities but had refused a permit for the demonstrators to march from one place to the other. When Mr. Marcantonio volunteered to lead the march regardless, he was promptly seized and arrested along with twelve other protestants. After being held for several hours in "protective custody," the group was unconditionally released. Whether or not this treatment was invented on the spot because of the uncomfortable fact that a member of Congress was being held a prisoner, the police have by now decided that it is a clever method of dealing with "agitators," and that in the future leaders of demonstrations will be similarly detained until the disturbance is over. Commissioner Valentine, in announcing this procedure, did not explain what particular statute or city ordinance gave him the right to issue such instructions, but he may well have been influenced by the intemperate statement of Victor F. Ridder, WPA administrator, on February 13 that "fewer than 10 per cent of the demonstrators were WPA employees." The WPA demonstration was one of a series of protests over low wages and the discharge of a number of workers. Mayor LaGuardia, who, when he was a fighting Congressman himself, introduced Mr. Marcantonio to the picket line in the dress strike in 1926, has consistently dismissed WPA complaints on the ground that they were instigated by professional agitators. It is a long way, evidently, from the picket line to City Hall.

MORE THAN 70,000 persons, we are told, have already purchased Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," which means that a good many other thousands have read it. This makes all the more preposterous the reported banning by the Hays office in Hollywood of the film version on the ground that it might cause international unpleasantness, particularly in the form of boycotts in those countries where fascism has already happened. Sidney Howard, who wrote the film script, reports that Mr. Hays was also worried about the reception of the picture with an election in prospect; he "certainly didn't intend," according to Mr. Howard, "to offend the Republicans." All this is categorically denied by the representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is true, they aver, that the script had been accepted, that Lionel Barrymore had already been cast for the leading part, and that the filming had been scheduled to start almost immediately—not to mention the fact which Mr. Lewis averred for them that he has already been handsomely paid for the film rights. But it was discovered that the present script would be very costly, and the delay was occasioned by an effort to economize. If this is true, it is a pity that Mr. Hays did not make the announcement himself or that he did not pick another author to censor instead of Mr. Lewis, who, in addition to being a Nobel Prize winner, is a red-hot poker when he gets mad. Approval of the alleged censorship was expressed in both Rome and Berlin, which may convince Mr. Hays that from the standpoint of box-office receipts he was right. But if there is sufficient indignation over the refusal to film the story, Mr. Lewis, in his title and otherwise, is likely to have the last word.

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The TVA Decision—a Trojan Horse

NO enacted drama could possibly be as theatrical as the Supreme Court's decision in the TVA case. While the judges deliberated for sixty days over the suit—studying briefs, debating conclusions, digging up precedent, making three different arguments march in three different directions on the same set of facts, the entire country was in a state of jitters, wondering whether the ax would fall, and when. The spectacle of a weekly hegira to the court, with half the legal and political potentates of the country showing up on successive Mondays on the chance that the oracle would finally speak, should delight anyone whose taste runs toward magic or the riddles of political psychology. Think of what a civilized Chinese would make of it by the side of the ritual and taboos of his own people, or some curious and detached anthropologist examining the folkways of this strange country.

The climax of the absurd mingled with the tragic came in the mad trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The word that Chief Justice Hughes was reading the decision of the court sent Commonwealth and Southern zooming to the news-ticker heavens, bearing with it a golden freightage. The word of what the Hughes decision was sent the same stock careening down again, to the dismay of those huddled around the big board. In the Tennessee Valley there was joy. The United Press reported that laborers on TVA projects "joyfully shouted the news from one crew to another." They were grateful, no doubt, that the court had not cut their livelihood from under them as it had done for the farmers—grateful with the gratitude of some surviving community around whom a hurricane has cut a wide circle and swept by. "Pitch in, fellows," one laborer cried, "it's too good to believe." All of which may make drama, but as a way of ordering the affairs of a nation it doesn't make sense.

The interesting thing of course is that even after the decision no one knows quite what to make of it. There will be many, no doubt, who will be so filled with rejoicing because the court was merciful that they will consider any critical analysis of the decision carping and ungrateful. But while such an attitude may be good emotion, it is not good thought. We have all burned our fingers so many times with wishful zeal over what seemed to be a new turn in the court's attitude that we owe it to the court to substitute questions for huzzahs. Suppose we examine what the TVA decision means in a series of questions.

What did the court decide? Merely that a particular contract made between the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Alabama Power Company could come before the Supreme Court for scrutiny, and that it was not unconstitutional. On the constitutional issue the court held that the federal government could construct the Wilson Dam—"a concrete monolith one hundred feet high and almost a mile long, containing two locks for navigation and eight installed generators"—under the power of Congress to provide for the national defense, and also the power to aid navigation which is part of its power to regulate interstate commerce. Having built the dam legally, the federal government had the power to dispose of the electric energy generated by it, under the power granted to Congress by the Constitution "to dispose of . . . property belonging to the United States." In order to dispose of this electricity effectively, it was not unreasonable for the TVA as a federal agency to purchase transmission lines from the Alabama Power Company as "a method of reaching a market." Like Poe's raven, the court said only this and nothing more. Chief Justice Hughes was very careful to emphasize the restricted character of the decision. It did not validate (or invalidate) the entire TVA. It did not pass upon the validity of the "yardstick" principle. It did not decide whether the government could go into the power business in competition with private utilities.

How did the court divide? Hard cases make complex divisions on the Supreme Court. The court split three ways, writing three opinions on two issues. The first issue was a jurisdictional one: Could the court even consider a suit in equity brought by a minority preferred stockholder who did not allege fraud? The second issue was a substantive one: Was the contract in question constitutional? Justices Hughes, speaking for Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, Butler, and himself, answered yes to both questions. Justice Brandeis, speaking for Justices Stone, Roberts, Cardozo, and himself, answered no to the first, while not disagreeing with Justice Hughes on the second. Justice McReynolds answered yes to the first and no to the second. That made a vote of five to four on the first issue—enough to give the court jurisdiction—and eight to one on the second. It was probably the maneuverings of the three groups on the two issues that caused the unusual delay.

Why did the court decide as it did? This is largely a matter of conjecture, but important. In so far as the decision represents a turn toward a more liberal construction of federal power (the extent to which it does so is still terribly unclear) this may be due to two causes. One is the storm of protest and criticism which the processing-tax cases aroused in Congress and in the press, and the current proposals to limit the judicial power. It would be fantastic to think that the court is wholly insensitive to criticism, and quite reasonable to conclude that the majority saw it had overshot the mark in the Hoosac case and had strained the very broad limits of tolerance of the American people. The second reason is that it would have been extremely embarrassing to try to issue a judicial ukase against nature. Water flows over a dam and generates power. The Wilson Dam had become part of the landscape. It had become nature. To root it up and plug up the hole again would be a prospect formidable enough to give pause even to a judicial mind—or rather, to any judicial mind except the Draconian one of Justice McReynolds. Justice Hughes, who is especially notable for his statesmanship and strategy within the court, and his concern to keep the judicial power intact, must have played a considerable role in winning the other judges over to the view represented by the decision, and thus silencing criticism of an inflexible and partisan court. Justice Brandeis's concurring opinion was not given the press it deserved. It is a bold and masterful attempt to hold the court rigorously to a course of self-restraint from which it has so

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lamentably departed. It is in line with Justice Stone's dissent in the Hoosac case and Justice Cardozo's dissent in the Mayflower Farms case, and represents a common and consistent view of the judicial power. It seems to represent a departure from the more positive position of Justice Brandeis's earlier years, and an approach to the pure judicial tolerance of Justice Holmes. Justice Brandeis's insistence that the case should have been thrown out is especially important when applied to the approaching test of the public-utility holding-company act, where a somewhat similar stockholder's suit may be involved.

What of future decisions? Here we must all confess ourselves as baffled as the utility executives are today. The decisions of the court, after a solid reactionary interval, have again become capricious. To rationalize in constitutional terms the successive positions that Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts have taken would defy a master of rationalization. Are the other TVA dams constitutional? Are the dams at Bonneville and Grand Coulee constitutional? The Administration seems to think so, and is reported to be laying plans for the development and marketing of electric power in those areas. But if the issue of government competition with private utility companies is brought directly before the court, it is extremely doubtful that it would be upheld. And Justice Hughes's opinion presents too narrow a base on which to rest the judicial fate of the rest of the New Deal legislation.

We must not dance too joyfully around the TVA decision. It may turn out in the end to be a Trojan horse. The dominant issue before the country is still the omnipotence of the Supreme Court. The present decision will undoubtedly weaken the opposition to the court. But we would ourselves feel much more satisfied if Justice Hughes had accepted the Brandeis position. Failing that, the court's position in our economic system is as powerful as ever, although its menace has temporarily been diminished.

Hitler Prepares

THE news and propaganda now pouring out of Germany fit into an ominous pattern. There is no doubt that the fight Catholicism is making to keep its control over Catholic youth is seriously disturbing the regime. There may even be substantiation for the theory that the Catholics and the Communists have joined hands in a struggle with the powers of darkness against which every degree and kind of enlightenment, religious or non-religious, are necessarily united. But one need only isolate the issue in the present contest to come to the conclusion that the Catholics must lose their battle unless their strength, and the strength of any allies they have been able to enlist, is greater than we have been led to believe. The issue is the next war. The Nazi philosophy dictates that every child, male and female, shall be dedicated to militarism, and the Third Reich will wipe out every visible, tangible opposition to its all-consuming military dream.

The war machine in Germany is being burnished into a sleek and shining weapon. Such protuberances as the Catholic resistance are being smoothed off by means of wholesale arrests and suppressions. Now even such passivity toward Nazi "ideals" as may have existed heretofore in the highways and byways of the Third Reich has been corrected by a decree which gives the secret police complete power over the country. Henceforth the Gestapo supersedes local government in order that its "striking power shall be unhindered"—which means that a German's house is more than ever his prison.

At the same time the inflammation of German public opinion against all real or imaginary enemies continues. It is a necessary corollary to successful suppression on the scale now prevailing in Germany; and it provides the only compensation so far invented for the butter and egg deficiency in the German diet or for the terrific tax burden carried by the German citizen. (A recent *Times* dispatch revealed that a worker receiving a monthly wage corresponding to $64 loses one-fifth of it in taxes or mandatory contributions.) The Nazis had planned, to be sure, to suspend the more drastic forms of anti-Semitism during the Winter Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in order to prove to the world that there was no persecution of Jews in Germany. The Gustloff assassination upset this plan, and Hitler himself delivered a flamboyant anti-Semitic address at the funeral of the new Nazi "martyr." So far no other violence has occurred, but his speech was calculated to keep alive the fury of the party until February 16, when the Olympics would come to an end and "memorial services" for Gustloff begin.

The doctrine of destiny is the other main tenet of the Nazi religion. The lack of raw materials is an even better excuse for falling living standards than a plot by the Jews. Josef Goebbels wrote recently in the *Angriff*: "A day will come when we shall be obliged to demand colonies." He hastened to point out that this demand was in the interest not only of Germany but of the world. The rest of the world, he said, was bathed in abundance while Germany was penniless. While bemoaning Germany's poverty, Goebbels gloated over the reduction of food imports; and his reply to the possible complaint that there is no pork and that eggs are rare was a word of scorn for those who think only of eating. As for the Nazi party, he declared in words coming strangely from an "Aryan," "Let each member resolve not to eat pork." In the same speech he proved that, in rearming, Germany had rendered a service to the world, for "a disarmed Germany was for its neighbors a bait which constantly excited them." He took a thrust at Russia. It would be more to the point, he said, if the world should occupy itself with the armaments of "the international Jew" in the U. S. S. R. And he concluded with a warning to France. "I say that whoever treats with bolshevism will end by being devoured by it."

Outside Germany the Hitler regime is pushing its propaganda along the same lines. It is checking up on German citizens abroad; it is said to be blocking wherever possible any move to allow the colonization in hospitable countries of German refugees—at the same time that it is preparing to drive out the Jews who remain in Germany. Obviously it would prefer to have its enemies scattered. Meanwhile its demand for colonies is being put forward in diplomatic circles with increasing force.

With demoniac thoroughness Hitler is busy sharpening the cutting edge of the fanatic knife with which he hopes to carve out a Nazi empire. It is not surprising that Europe as a whole and France in particular should show all the symptoms of a being locked in a house with an armed madman.

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Armaments or Collective Law?

THE report of the League's committee of experts places the responsibility for prolonging the Italo-Ethiopian conflict directly at the door of the United States. After a careful study of all available data the committee concluded that an oil embargo, if universally applied, would be effective against Italy within three or three and a half months, which is another way of saying that if action had been taken last October, when Italy's supply of petroleum was much lower than at present, Mussolini might today be begging for peace—if, indeed, he were still in power. The committee also found that an oil sanction by the League alone could have little effect as long as the United States government was powerless to prevent unlimited exports to the aggressor. This does not mean that it would be necessary for this country to enforce a complete embargo; it would be sufficient to restrict sales to the pre-war level. The implications of these findings are challenging in the extreme.

Unlike Germany and Japan, the only other important powers refusing to cooperate with the League, the United States harbors no secret aggressive intentions. Its intransigence is the result of a widespread fear lest America be unwittingly entangled in another European conflict. There is a general feeling that the less this country has to do with other nations, the less the danger of its being involved in their disputes. This feeling has undoubtedly been accentuated by an increased recognition of the fact that collective action carries with it certain risks as well as heavy responsibilities. What is not seen is that the isolationist position involves vastly greater risks, with no prospect of building a warless world. The impracticability of isolation as a protection against war is ably discussed on another page of this issue by Vera Micheles Dean of the Foreign Policy Association. But in pleading for the United States to assume the responsibilities of its world position Mrs. Dean inadvertently adds to the prevailing confusion by suggesting that pacifists are inconsistent in demanding sanctions against an aggressor at the same time that they oppose increased armaments. Granting that the principle behind collective action presupposes the possibility of an ultimate recourse to force, it does not follow that unilateral rearmament is an aid to collective security. No one would care to imply, for instance, that pacifists should support the $573,000,000 War Department appropriation now before Congress on the ground that the army might, at some future date, be used to uphold international law. Where there is no mechanism for joint action, increasing armaments are an unmitigated danger; where there is a collective agreement, the threat is somewhat reduced.

But we would go farther and insist that growing national expenditures for war purposes cannot be reconciled under any circumstances with the principles of collective law. The British Tories are wholly inconsistent, if not actually insincere, in urging rearmament as a means of upholding the League. By definition, collective security involves the use of joint pressure against any potential law-breaker, and where collective pressure is exercised the contribution of any one country need not be nearly as great as if it were fighting a war alone. Under the anarchy of present-day nationalism, each country feels that its defense forces should be adequate to deal with any potential enemy or combination of enemies. This necessity would disappear if each nation felt that it could rely on the assistance of all other law-abiding powers.

It is no accident that inveterate isolationists such as William Randolph Hearst and the Chicago *Tribune* should be loudest in the demand for increased defense appropriations. If the United States is to renounce its responsibility for the creation and maintenance of an international system of law, it must be prepared to pay the price of anarchy. If it is unwilling to cooperate with the League in upholding the law against aggression, it may find itself, as in 1931, in the position of attempting to curb a specific case of aggression by itself. To meet such an emergency this country must have a navy and an air force second to none, and considerably larger than that of its most likely rival—Japan. The breakdown of the London naval conference, despite a minor agreement restricting the construction of heavy cruisers, indicates that the burden of maintaining an isolationist policy will be vastly more expensive than in the past.

At first glance the Administration's proposed Pan-American Peace Conference appears to be a healthy recognition of the impossibility of the hermit-like program which the opponents of collective action have mapped out for the United States. At least it recognizes certain national responsibilities in this hemisphere, responsibilities which are seen to conflict with the isolationist aspects of the proposed neutrality legislation. But the ill-concealed satisfaction with which the peace plan has been received at Rome suggests that once again the United States has inadvertently played into the hands of the war-mongers of Europe. Economically, culturally, and politically the world of today is indivisible. Any attempt, however well-intentioned, to divide it into segments tends to weaken the none-too-firm structure of international organization. A pan-American non-aggression pact, divorced from the League, would be fundamentally different from an Eastern Locarno or the present Franco-Soviet treaty of mutual assistance in that these latter are so drawn as to be within the framework of the League and are intended to implement the Covenant. There cannot be two systems of collective security.

Fortunately, no irreparable damage has been done. The espousal of the principles of collective security by the Sarraut government in France, as indicated by the impending ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact, has largely offset the damage wrought by Britain's uncertainty. Italy is already feeling the effects of the preliminary sanctions imposed on it as a violator of the Covenant. Should the League succeed in preventing Mussolini from profiting by his illegal invasion of Ethiopia, there would be at least a strong possibility that Germany and Japan might be stopped from similar adventures. An oil embargo would almost certainly turn the tide against Il Duce, but it will not be imposed unless Congress revives that part of the languishing neutrality bill which gives the President power to proclaim an embargo on materials of war. Essentially the choice is between profits for a few oil companies and an unbridled armament race.

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Issues and Men

Roosevelt Betrays Neutrality

THE President has done nothing more incomprehensible than to abandon his own neutrality measures and to substitute therefor the bill which at this writing has been passed by the House and is now pending in the Senate. This extends the existing law until May 1, 1937, and adds to it a provision placing a ban on loans and credits and also one to clarify or define the status of the South American states. The very point in the Administration bill which the State Department especially desired, namely, the granting to the President of the power to place embargoes on certain materials if in his judgment it was wise to do so, has been deliberately jettisoned. The result could not be more unfortunate unless we were to abandon entirely the effort to keep the United States out of the next war. Italy is reported to be greatly cheered because of the collapse of our leadership in this matter, and the corresponding discouragement in London and Paris will be enhanced by the news of the latest Italian victories in Ethiopia.

But the international aspects of our policy are dealt with in another column. I wish to take this opportunity, after a visit to Washington, to put on record my belief that the reason for the lamentable legislative situation is not what is being put forth by friends of the Administration in and out of office. It is not true that the bulk of the Senators have yielded to pressure brought by the cotton, oil, steel, and shipping groups. That representatives of these industries have been in Washington in large numbers is correct. But the simple fact is that it was the Administration that hauled down the flag. If it is an open secret that Senator Pittman never cared for the bill which he sponsored and that Senator Robinson could hardly be called enthusiastic about it, they would none the less have brought it on to the floor of the Senate, as it would have been brought out in the House, had the President declared it a "must measure" and said that he could not afford, and they could not afford, to go before the people next fall without showing increased safeguards along the lines suggested by the State Department itself. Why was it that Secretary Hull and his assistants spent the greater part of a month testifying before the responsible committees of Congress in support of this bill? Just to waste time? Certainly not.

But the reply always is that Senator Johnson threatened a filibuster and that so many Senators had yielded to the industrial lobbies that there was nothing else to do. This observers without number absolutely deny, notably the twenty-one Senators who came together on February 14 resolved to make a last-ditch fight for the Administration's neutrality measure, which they had generously accepted even though many of them preferred the Nye-Clark bill. If it is the lobbies which have won this fight, why would not a brave champion of peace in the White House come right straight out and say so? Failing that, would not a real fighter have insisted on a poll in the House and Senate and then pointed to the men who voted against the Administration measure as the ones who had put their political welfare, or their fear of the "interests," above their duty to the whole country? But no, it was the Administration itself that told the key men in both houses to abandon the real bill and substitute this compromise, the purpose of which is to throw the whole issue over until after the election.

What makes this surrender the more censurable is that the mass of people in this country have given overwhelming testimony to their desire for a neutrality law with teeth in it. Admiral Sims asserted before the Economic Club in New York City recently that in all his experience he had never seen audiences so determined upon the country's being kept out of war and upon having a real neutrality measure as on his recent speaking trip in the South and Southwest. He declared that he could not speak on any subject without having to talk about neutrality before the evening was over. I had exactly the same experience on a long speaking trip last fall, and Congressman Maury Maverick also told the Economic Club that after speaking in twenty-four states during the recess of Congress he could uphold Admiral Sims's statement at every point. It is a first-class political blunder for the White House, and it will not be concealed by putting the blame on certain industries—and on the peace movement.

Yes, on the peace movement. Amazing as it seems, the responsibility for this débâcle is shared in the eyes of the Administration by the peace organizations and the big-business lobbies! A government official assured me that the peace organizations were responsible because they had not organized all the states and roused public opinion to such an extent that the outpourings of protest would have offset the lobbies on the other side. I have heard many charges brought against the peace movement, but I give a prize to this one. It is one of the strangest and most unmerited yet. That official showed that he was unaware of the fact that some of the organizations had done the very thing he wished. Why had not a certain society moved? he inquired. He insisted that he had not heard from it, but when he spoke a letter from him acknowledging receipt of its expression of opinion was on file in the society's office.

Well, if this sort of weakness continues; if everything is to be sacrificed to playing politics between now and the election, and to the President's desire to get Congress out of the legislative trenches and on its way home by the first of May, we may see the Roosevelt stock drop still lower. One hears in Washington astounding tales of the slump in Roosevelt sentiment in various states. They may or may not be true, but the fact is undeniable that it is the President himself who is jeopardizing his chances for reelection. No one else, not the Republicans, not the Al Smiths, not the Liberty League, but just the man in the White House—and this despite the rising tide of prosperity.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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"Po-po-police! There is a r-r-red under my bed!"

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Don't Annoy the Big Shots

By EMANUEL H. LAVINE

WHEN a police chief wants to hit the front page of every newspaper in his city there is always one sure-fire announcement which will bring him into the right-hand column. The perennial favorite is: "Orders to muss up all known gangsters and racketeers were issued last night by Chief of Police Gwatchel in a surprise move to rid the city of vicious malefactors involved in recent gangland depredations and slayings." That any actual racketeer or gangster of any standing in his business will be so much as touched is not imagined for a moment, even by the police chief who gives the order. All he wants to do is to throw a bone to the dogs barking to get action after a dozen or so men have been slaughtered in restaurants or barbershops, in front of dignified museums, or in similar highly public spots.

As for the cops who receive the chief's orders, they wouldn't know a racketeer if one came up and asked them for a match. "All I know about racketeers is what I read in the newspapers," is the way a truthful, strictly honest cop put it. Even the cop who accepts fat pay-offs doesn't know the chief racketeers, for these deal only with the big shots, working on the simple theory that if you want something done with efficiency and dispatch, always see the boss. Any school of business administration teaches that simple maxim.

What happens, then, when the public clamor for action on the part of the police has to be appeased? The chief issues his front-page order to "muss 'em up" and "nab 'em on sight," and the cops have to dig up some results for him. Each detective is given a quota of "known criminals" to round up—four or six or a dozen. Since the enactment of so-called "public-enemy" laws in many communities, the cops haven't had much difficulty in filling their quotas, as the laws state that a man with a record may be arrested "for consorting with known criminals," and every poolroom, cheap restaurant, bar, and corner lunchroom has its hangers-on with a prison record. The cops round the ex-convicts up in droves and take them to headquarters, and the chief can announce hundreds of arrests. He points with pride to the round-up figures, emphasizing the efficiency with which his department operates. But he will not bother to remind the police reporters of what they already know, that twenty major arrests have been made by his department every day for the past ten years. It is the normal average of major arrests. Since there is a big anti-crime campaign on, the twenty arrests are played up in the newspapers as something unusual, for newspapers must cater to the public appetite.

Actually the round-up has netted several hundred "punks" with reformatory or other prison records. Some of them may have been going as straight as is humanly possible after leaving a penal institution, yet they are dragged in. The cops don't give a damn whether these men lose their jobs. Some of them, ashamed of being in the clutches of the police again even though it is through no fault of their own, fear to communicate with families or friends. Some may be on parole or probation, and these are easy prey for shakedown cops, who for a sum will straighten matters out.

Cops are able to show fat records of arrests during round-ups not only by their use of the public-enemy laws but by a neat system which they have evolved whereby they buy and pay for their victims. They must bring in known criminals, though many detectives wouldn't know a Big House graduate if they tripped over him in the middle of an empty ballroom. So they go to their favorite stool pigeon. "I need five refs and one pen," the detective says, handing over $15. At $2 each for the five "refs"—reformatory graduates—and $5 for a "pen"—penitentiary graduate—he can obtain six prisoners. The money goes to the graduates, who rent themselves out for the pinches. A "Big House," or Sing Sing, graduate gets from $8 to $10 for renting himself out as a pinch.

During the life of the public-enemy laws no big-shot racketeer has ever been nabbed through their agency. It has always been the small-time offenders, the punks. In one city, after the new laws had been dynamited through the legislature without anyone knowing exactly what their provisions were, the police did try to make a test case of two notorious racketeers. The two men were picked up at a swank night club by a pair of detectives, who said gently, "You boys will have to go into the can for the tryout." The big shots were surprised and a little pained because they had always put their dough on the line without demurring. They couldn't afford to take the rap at that particular moment owing to the disorganized state of their finances, particularly with reference to state and federal income taxes. Furthermore, they had been rough on some of their "clients," who, if they discovered the racketeers were actually in jail, might decide it was a good time to squeal and keep them there. So the arrested big shots "propositioned" the proper police officials. The police proposition called for a cool hundred thousand; the racketeering gentry whined and cried that they could pay only twenty grand. A compromise was reached at thirty. Instead of being thrust into a cell, the prisoners were taken to a midtown hotel with two police lieutenants as escorts. They stayed in the hotel for four days while their henchmen scurried around and collected the thirty grand in real money. They were even allowed to ask the advice of their lawyers, who said, "Put it on the line. It's the only out you have."

After the money was paid, the question arose of what to do about a test case. In that city there had been a particularly loud hue and cry to have the public-enemy laws enacted; a test case was badly needed. In consequence, twenty-four hours after the big shots were released, six punks sat dejectedly behind the bars. They had been picked up in the outlying sections of the city. All had police records; all had been shooting craps in a cheap little saloon. They were immediately labeled public enemies one to six, and the police chief, with unctuous phrases, issued a statement to reporters. Soon the newspapers headlined the information: "Public-Enemy Laws Clamp Down on Racketland. Six Convicted Under New Statute."

On January 6 the Court of Appeals in Albany rendered the Brownell public-enemy law virtually toothless by a six-to-one decision in which it reversed the convictions of a dozen

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underworld characters. The law was not declared unconstitutional, but the judges stressed the absence of a breach of the peace. The majority opinion declared:

> Persons who have been convicted of crime and served the sentence imposed are not hereafter barred from society or intercourse with other human beings; they are not outcasts, nor to be treated as such. The legislature did not intend to close the doors to reformation, repentance, or a new try at life. Whom is a man to talk to if he cannot talk to the friends and acquaintances his position in life has thrown him with?

There is hardly a malefactor in the land who could not be apprehended and convicted through exercise of intelligent, careful, and thorough detective work. A racketeer can always be picked up when he is wanted for a shakedown, though he is seldom picked up for the purpose of a conviction. That is why investigations of rackets and racketeers are a waste of public funds, especially when such investigations are accompanied by deluges of publicity. You can't throw a surprise party if you tip off the honored guest in advance. A big shot has never been arrested in any city of the United States who has not known beforehand the exact moment when the arrest was to be made. He wouldn't be a big shot if he didn't know things like that. He has paid big money to find them out.

All big-shot racketeers must operate through an influential political guardian angel. Payments to all concerned are made on a regular schedule depending on the income of the particular enterprise. The big shot, being a thorough business man, is willing to pay if he is not molested. He wants his machinery to function smoothly and with precision and he is willing to give plenty of lubrication. An accidental "knock-off" or arrest and seizure may upset his organization and cause a tremendous financial loss.

An important deterrent to crime would be the enactment of a law authorizing and compelling police captains or lieutenants to take an iron-clad affidavit from complainants, complaining witnesses, and witnesses in a serious felony. The information obtained should be specific and direct. "Is that the man who assaulted you? Why did he assault you? Where did he assault you? What kind of weapon did he use?" The witnesses should be required to corroborate the complainant. If at the arraignment or trial the complainant or witness attempts to alter his testimony, he should be promptly arrested and prosecuted on a perjury charge. If he was positive of his identification at the time of the occurrence, when the thing was fresh in his mind, why should he be hesitant about it months later? That precaution would prevent bribery and intimidation of witnesses. If witnesses disappear, they should be indicted and bench warrants should be issued for their arrest. If they are not apprehended in time for the trial, the affidavit should be introduced as evidence.

Police should be severely punished if they obtain careless or slipshod affidavits that permit legal loopholes. Upper-grade detectives should be obliged to do some hard work occasionally. The present tendency is to permit the lower-grade sleuths, who receive no extra compensation for being in the bureau, to do all the hard "tailing," or following, and "planting," or watching, after which the swanky sleuths with guardian angels grab the credit for the arrests.

In compliance with Commissioner Valentine's recent order to "muss up" all tough and vicious thieves and gangsters, the New York police on November 23 administered an unmerciful beating to six safe burglars arrested while attempting to break into the upper floors of the Jewelers' Exchange at 82 Bowery. Although the papers stated that the thieves were attempting a $2,000,000 jewelry haul, they could have got only between $75,000 and $100,000 if they had jimmied every safe on the upper floors. Jewelers who rent stalls always keep their valuables in the large burglar-proof safe on the main floor, which is in full view of the street.

When the prisoners appeared for arraignment, their faces were black and blue and so puffed and swollen that their eyes were scarcely visible. The arresting officers appeared without a blemish on their hands or faces. They showed no evidence of having had a struggle in subduing their prisoners. Edward J. Reilly, attorney for the safe-crackers, when asked to comment on the condition of the prisoners, said: "It's tough. The boys look as if they had tripped over a traffic light and fallen to the pavement."

A very different affair was the arrest of Martin ("Bugsy") Goldstein and Harry ("Pittsburgh Phil") Strauss, two notorious racketeers and killers, charged with the murder of Joseph Amberg and Morris Kessler, who had been stood up against a wall in a Brooklyn garage and shot down with machine-guns on September 30, 1934. Goldstein and Strauss appeared at the line-up dressed like fashion plates, their faces freshly shaved and powdered and bearing no signs of a "mussing up." They were bored, annoyed, and contemptuous. In a facetious manner they explained that they were just a couple of hard-working cigar salesmen attempting to earn an honest living. "Murder charge?" they exclaimed. "That is too messy—a fellow might get his hands soiled."

The examination at the line-up ran as follows:

"You boys knew you were wanted for those murders!" bellowed Captain Zwirz.

"I believe I read something about it in the newspapers, but one can't always believe everything one reads," Strauss replied icily.

"Where have you been since September 30, the day of the murder?" the Captain continued.

"Here and there. A cigar salesman has to hustle around to make a living," replied "Bugsy," as he adjusted his necktie with meticulous care.

"Bugsy" strenuously objected to Zwirz's rating him Public Enemy Number 6. "That," he snapped, "is too low a rating. I hope you will give me a better one in the near future. It really injures a man's professional standing."

Although the police had been seeking them through general alarms, they gave themselves up in company with their counsel, Alderman Walter R. Hart, a Brooklyn Democrat. They were discharged in Homicide Court because the police failed to produce even a shred of evidence connecting them with the two murders. Having been informed by the police that Commissioner Valentine had issued instructions to annoy them, the pair left on December 12 for their winter vacation in Florida. "Bugsy" and "Pittsburgh Phil" didn't mind the cops annoying them when they were awake, but when telephone calls before noon disturbed their slumber, they showed their resentment by going away for a few weeks. All of which proves that if you belong to the burglars' union you don't get mussed up.

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Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, February 16

MUCKRAKING, that lost art of American journalism, will enjoy a vigorous revival if Washington has any more weeks like the one now ending. While the Senate laboriously reenacted the AAA in a disguised version stripped of all social controls save God's and the conscience of Henry Wallace, and while the House steam-rollered to passage a record-breaking grant of funds to the War Department—despite statistical proof offered by Representative Luckey of Nebraska that the United States, with no one to fight, is piling up armaments faster than any other world power and has been ever since 1919—the following things happened elsewhere in the national capital:

1. The second and third ranking officers of the Commerce Department's Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection were suspended and threatened with dismissal for "insubordination." Their alleged insubordination consisted in believing that the interests of the ship operators and the political overlords of the Commerce Department were subordinate to those of the public welfare. More specifically, it consisted in acting upon that belief by seeing that a resolution adopted by a conference of steamboat inspectors escaped from departmental censors and attained publicity. The suspended men, Frederick L. Adams and H. McCoy Jones, are also suspected by the department's high command of having encouraged the publication of press dispatches impugning the sincerity of Secretary Roper's advocacy of safety-at-sea legislation and suggesting that, unless outside pressure is brought to bear, Roper, out of deference to his pals in the shipping business, will see to it that the legislation is sidetracked.

2. The supposedly non-partisan Bureau of Agricultural Economics was caught doctoring a supposedly scientific report on the cotton situation in order not to embarrass the Administration's efforts to get the new AAA bill through Congress. Credit for the disclosure belongs to John W. Hazard of the *Wall Street Journal's* Washington bureau, who, undaunted by a rebuke from Secretary Wallace for having suggested two weeks ago that the report had been doctored, ferreted out a copy of the report as originally written and a copy of an AAA memorandum objecting to sections of the report as inimical to continuance of the crop-reduction program. Comparison of these with the report finally made public showed that the objectionable passages had been deleted and comments in line with AAA policy substituted for them.

3. The Federal Communications Commission completed its investigation of its radio division and issued a statement that was highly contradictory but that had the effect of whitewashing the division, whose operations in the licensing and relicensing of broadcasting stations have given rise to many evil rumors. The complete record of the investigation was withheld, although two days earlier four of the five members of the investigating committee had voted to make the whole docket public. The excuse given for its suppression was that J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, refused to let his contributions to the docket be made public. At the moment there is a move under way to have the lid pried off by Congressional action. Meanwhile, all that is definitely known of what happened in the investigation is that Anning S. Prall, commission chairman, refused to appear before the investigators—his colleagues—for questioning. Mr. Prall admits that.

4. Representatives of the men and women in most direct contact with the nation's millions of unemployed, meeting here for the 1936 conference of the American Association of Social Workers, piled up a mass of eyewitness testimony that impugned Harry Hopkins's sincerity by demolishing his persistent contention that under the $4,000,000,000 work-relief program the millions on relief are better off this winter than they were under the old FERA; that the great majority of WPA projects are useful ones in which the workers themselves take pride; and that the WPA meets the heterogeneous employment needs of the millions of non-mechanical workers on relief, and therefore is superior to the PWA. None of these things are true according to the social workers, who filed ghastly reports of the actual conditions in all parts of the country. To their demands for resumption of federal aid for direct relief, a genuine public-employment program, and a complete divorce between work and relief the best that Aubrey Williams, Hopkins's chief deputy, could reply was a warning that the social workers were "flirting with the forces of reaction."

5. The NLRB was shown to have on its pay roll as a trial examiner a wondrous gentleman by the name of Alfonse G. Eberle. "Wondrous" because, in an investigation of the Brown Shoe Company of Salem, Illinois, he absolved the company of "unfair labor practices" though he found that it had hired a candy butcher as a labor spy, and an "industrial-relations counselor" who warned its workers the company had had seven strikes but never recognized a union; that one of its foremen circulated an anti-union petition; and that the Salem police descended en masse upon the plant and broke up the picket lines shortly after company officials informed a citizens' committee (which had subscribed $125,000 to bring the plant to Salem) that if it were not for the strike the company could operate at capacity.

6. Shortly after Senator Tydings announced the withdrawal of his support from the Tydings-McCormack "military-disaffection" bill, the discovery was made that the admirals had put a fast one over on Secretary of War Dern to obtain his signature in support of the measure. It was an encouraging discovery, confirming other evidence that the unobtrusive Mr. Dern has sound instincts and faith in the ability of the army's officers and men to decide for themselves what things they should read, see, or listen to. He has recently communicated that point of view in vigorous terms to members of the House Military Affairs Committee. He has done it privately in order not to embarrass his colleague, Secretary Swanson, who still is dominated by a little red-baiting clique in the Navy Department led by Captain W. D. Puleston, chief of the intelligence division and a

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gentleman of nightmarish mind. It seems that Dern's original letter in support of the bill was written by an underling at the dictation of the navy clique, who told him Dern had promised Swanson to support the bill. It seems also that Dern signed the letter as a routine document, without noting its contents, and ever since has been seeking a quiet escape from the commitment. Tydings's withdrawal was predicated on Dern's and suggested that the Senator had never favored the measure. He omitted reference to the vigorous speech he had made in its support and to the thousands of letters he had received demanding that he reverse that stand.

7. The housing program got its neck twisted again. Secretary Morgenthau came out of a White House conference on housing, saying he knew Senator Wagner would make public the results because he had heard the President agree with Wagner on what the press should be told. Then, Wagner came out and said the President had authorized him to introduce a bill committing the federal government to an annual outlay of $250,000,000 to $400,000,000 for slum clearance and low-cost housing under a system of federal loans and grants to local housing authorities. Peter Grimm, the high-powered New York realtor who has set up shop in the Treasury, nodded confirmation as Wagner made the announcement. The following morning, at his press conference, Roosevelt said no decision had been reached and all housing plans were still in the discussion stage.

8. Some twenty Senators have rallied their forces for a fight this week to make the Administration accept its own permanent neutrality bill and thus defeat its effort to appease the cotton, oil, copper, and wheat interests by accepting with pretended reluctance an extension of the temporary neutrality resolution adopted last year. High officials of state admitted gravely that the Administration's position was dictated by business pressure. Publicly they depicted that position as a "plight" resulting from division of opinion among the proponents of permanent legislation, though the United Peace Movement has rallied behind the Administration's bill. Similarly it was admitted in private that Senator Pittman's jingoistic speech on the Japanese situation, though not written by the State Department, fairly represented its views and was enjoyed there. Secret testimony given by high army officers before the House Appropriations Committee supported the belief that Pittman's speech also reflected the attitude of the White House.

The Responsibilities of Peace

By VERA MICHELES DEAN

DISCUSSION of neutrality and collective action since the outbreak of the Ethiopian war has produced confusion of tongues. Pacifists who once paid lip service to international collaboration plead as eloquently as the most rabid jingoes for American neutrality; advocates of maximum sanctions against an aggressor oppose armaments which may ultimately be needed to insure their effectiveness; isolationists, while demanding that the United States withdraw from this iniquitous world, do not hesitate to instruct other countries how to set their house in order; supporters of neutrality, with tears in their eyes, assert their readiness to support the League, provided it is composed not of fallible flesh-and-blood states but of self-denying Utopias. The average reader, lost in this wonderland of mutually destructive ideas, finds it difficult to grasp the essence of collective action against an aggressor.

It should be admitted at the outset that professional pacifists have done more than professional patriots to becloud the issue. With unflagging energy they have preached peace—which most of us normally prefer to war—but have spent little time in discovering how to translate this universal desire into effective action. By talking in terms of abstract ideals, they have created the myth of a non-existent League functioning in a rarefied atmosphere unpolluted by human compromise. Their exaggerated claims in behalf of international organization have caused both friends and foes of the League to measure its activities with a yardstick of perfection seldom applied to domestic politics. Little progress can be made toward collective security unless it is recognized that sentimental devotion to peace, unsupported by hard-headed thinking, jeopardizes the cause it professes to serve.

No analysis of collective action can overstress the fact that there is no such entity as a League above or apart from the states composing the world community. These states, on entering the League, do not by some magical transmutation divest themselves of national interests. Their failure to shed prestige and ambition in the Geneva atmosphere is often offered as evidence that collective action cannot be achieved until nationalism, putative child of capitalism, has disappeared from the face of the earth. To wait for this millennium is to relinquish all hope of collective security. Nor is it a foregone conclusion that once all countries have simultaneously adopted a non-capitalist economy they will forthwith discard national aspirations. For practical purposes, organization of a collective system need not be postponed until the era of universal self-denial. What is essential to the success of this system is not that every state should be purged of nationalism, but that it should become convinced by experience that collective action serves its national interests; should learn to cooperate not from disinterested motives—as rare in nations as in individuals—but from a selfish desire to achieve political and economic security. International cooperation, like revolutions, cannot be carried in suitcases. Only when the demand for collective action springs from within the state—and is not injected from without by wishful thinkers—will it become a factor in international relations.

For this reason it is irrelevant whether Britain's championship of the League in the Ethiopian crisis is due to imperialist concern regarding trade routes and the future of Egypt or to popular faith in the ideals of Geneva. What is obvious—and important—is that the British people for various, often contradictory, motives now find it to their national interest to act through the League. The task of those who believe in collective security is not to eradicate these motives but to divert them from the channels of national into those of international action.

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If there is to be effective collective action, there must also be collective responsibility. No member of the international community which expects mutual assistance should involve others in crises without prior consultation. Where Britain departed from the collective concept—and committed a fundamental error which paved the way for the Hoare-Laval deal—was by mobilizing its fleet last September, before the League had invoked Article XVI of the Covenant, providing for sanctions and mutual assistance in case of retaliation by the aggressor. In launching this mobilization Britain acted on a primordial instinct of preparing for single-handed defense of its threatened interests. It thereby created the danger that its potential opponent might accept the challenge. When this danger became fully apparent, Britain—which had hitherto refused to underwrite European security outside the League Covenant and the Locarno treaties—sought an ironclad pledge of naval assistance from France. The French government, which since 1919 had advocated creation of an international army capable of implementing League verdicts, declared its readiness to assist Britain only on condition that Italy's reprisals were provoked by action taken not on British initiative alone but on that of all League members. This may have sounded like disloyal quibbling at a time when the British had staked their navy on the outcome of the League's first drive against an aggressor. Actually it represented a sound appreciation of the nature of collective security. If every member of the international community is free to mobilize whenever its interests seem to be in danger, then collective responsibility for security becomes illusory, and the world returns to pre-League conditions, with everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

If collective action presupposes collective responsibility for its application, it also presupposes the ultimate possibility of resort to force. Many pacifists have done grave disservice to their cause, on the one hand by demanding maximum penalties against the aggressor, and on the other by vigorously opposing armaments. If sanctions are to stop war, and not merely localize it as in Ethiopia, they must be both prompt and effective. The greater their effectiveness and the more they threaten to rob the aggressor of potential gains, the more likely they are to provoke reprisals which may enlarge the area of conflict. This risk unquestionably exists, and the League, if it is to survive, must be equipped to meet it. Yet the stronger the collective system becomes, the more it will diminish the risk of war and increase the prospect that the aggressor, faced with overwhelming odds, will either come to terms or suffer prompt defeat. Here is the kernel of the whole problem. Collective security does not, as some pacifists have implied, offer a 100 per cent insurance against war. What it does offer is a method of reducing and sharing the risk, as well as limiting the consequent damage. This method is now on trial for the first time in history. Its success or failure depends not on some magic quality of the League but on the willingness of all members of the world community—whether they belong to the League or not—to give it a fair test, either by direct collaboration or by avoidance of obstructive measures.

The argument is frequently made that collective action against an aggressor is purely negative and solves none of the problems which provoke aggression. This is true; and no collective system will succeed which, in addition to checking war, does not seek to remove or alleviate its causes. Our problem today, however, is that of peaceful citizens confronted by burglary or murder, whose first objective is to stop the illegal act and restrain the criminal. Once this police task has been accomplished, we must inquire without delay into the causes of the crime, and remove or correct them whenever this can be done without injury to society. To argue that League powers, because they have hitherto failed to revise peace treaties or meet the "legitimate" grievances of aggressors are consequently estopped from checking aggression is to state only part of the syllogism. International adjustment is necessarily slow and halting. No simple generalizations about redistribution of raw materials and colonies or wholesale revision of frontiers will solve problems of the highest complexity. Nor is it certain that territorial changes sufficient to satisfy potential aggressors would redound to the benefit of the international community as a whole. One thing seems clear: such remedies as can ultimately be found must be applied collectively if they are to bring about permanent relief.

What is the position of the United States with respect to collective action? The country has just been swept by a desire to find refuge from the next conflict in water-tight neutrality and war-time isolation. Neutrality advocates, if they are sincere, should logically demand isolation not only in time of war but in time of peace. If American history between 1914 and 1917 proves anything—and it has recently been used to prove almost everything—it is that at the outbreak of war the United States had a substantial economic, cultural, and sentimental stake in European affairs. A debtor country, it was under obligation to repay its indebtedness in the form of goods. A melting-pot of European nationalities, it was bound by innumerable ties to its various mother countries. Easily swayed by sentiment and addicted to moral judgments, the American people were not neutral on August 1, 1914; they had already formed impressions and opinions which, no matter how false they may now appear in the light of historical research, profoundly affected this country's policy.

Such impressions and opinions are being shaped today and may prove equally decisive tomorrow. The only way to eliminate our stake in international affairs is to sever relations with the rest of the world while it is still at peace; otherwise it will be too late. The choice which confronts us is not this or that form of neutrality, but whether we wish to remain in touch with a world of which, for better or worse, we permanently form a part, or keep our drawbridge raised against all contacts, in fair weather as well as foul. If we want isolation, we must abandon our inveterate inclination to improve the rest of mankind less by example than by precept. Our political leaders must once and for all forget oppressed Mexicans and downtrodden German Jews, must shut their eyes to the misdeeds of foreign dictatorships. We must not only scrap our export trade but turn off radios with European wave lengths, recall our foreign correspondents, sever all communications which, in the next conflict, might incline us to favor one side as against another.

But desirable as isolation may seem, it was already impracticable in 1812. It is even less practicable today. Isolation represents a policy of defeatism which does not correspond to the American temper. The world has lived through far greater crises than the one we are witnessing today; yet in every generation there have been men and women courageous enough to see that the easiest way is not always in the

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long run the most constructive. To admit that we are unable to cope with the issues raised by war and peace and must await the passing of the cyclone in a national storm-cellar is to believe that mankind has reached the end of its intellectual resources and is incapable of further venture. Such a belief would justify not only isolation but national suicide. The United States is a great power—great not merely in territory and natural resources but in the energies of a vigorous people. It has not only rights but responsibilities, and it cannot evade them without permanent injury to itself. The fact that participation in the League is today politically impracticable does not close the door to other forms of international collaboration. Those who urge neutrality imply that war is around the corner. If it is, then we must use our best minds not to devise a paper neutrality which will lull the country into a false sense of security, only to be swept off the statute books by the next wave of popular emotion, but to discover ways and means of cooperating with other peoples in the search for workable collective security. That this search is long and arduous should be not a deterrent but a challenge. No institution of lasting value has been evolved overnight. If we fear war, we must, in our own selfish interests, give a fair trial to the only method which offers an alternative.

Arms over Europe

Austria Dams the Nazi Flood

By LOUIS FISCHER

Vienna, January 27

LITTLE Austria is the bung of a vinegar barrel. The vinegar is German fascism. If the bung should be forced out, the vinegar would begin pouring over southeastern Europe. The vinegar, to be sure, has eaten into the bung; Austria is itself a fascist country. But as long as the liquid is held in check some people bless the bung.

In effect, they are blessing Mussolini. Austrian independence is Mussolini's contribution to European peace. Mussolini does not want Austria. But he wants to make sure that Germany will not absorb it and then look down menacingly on Italy from the Brenner Pass, which would thus become the common frontier of the two fascist states.

Austria, with fewer inhabitants than London or New York, is the key to central Europe and the Balkans. If Germany acquired Austria, whether by inspiring and aiding a domestic Nazi coup d'état or by more direct means, the whole map of Europe might collapse. The map of Europe is a miserable, troublesome hodge-podge. The bitterest anti-Versailles phrases do not condemn it sufficiently. Yet move any European frontier twenty kilometers and you court war. Every borderline on this crazy continent is a militant vested interest not only of the two states on either side of it but of their neighbors as well. This applies especially to the Austrian republic because it has such a central position.

The best frontier is three thousand miles of ocean. Even powerful England has consistently vetoed the project of a tunnel under the English channel—despite its engineering and economic practicability—simply because of the supposed military danger. It would bring France a few minutes nearer the British coast.

A frontier is a nuisance. It has to be guarded. Modern rivalries being what they are, it has to be barricaded with tariff hurdles. Most frontiers have no natural geographical raison d'être; they are merely dotted lines on colored paper. On the other side of this flimsy demarcation an enemy may lurk. The fewer neighbors a country has, the better off it is likely to be. Austria has six—Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Switzerland. Austria and Hungary are on good terms, and this frontier therefore presents no difficulties. But Austria is Italy's only highway to Hungary, and Italy is interested in Hungary. Austria's contiguity with Hungary accordingly complicates its relations with Italy. On July 25, 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss was killed and the Nazis threatened to seize the power in Vienna, Mussolini, ostensibly to save Austria, was poised for an invasion of its borders. Yugoslavia saw a danger in this development and weighed the desirability of marching in, too. Austria might have become the battlefield of a European war. An armed conflict between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, its northern neighbor, is unlikely. Yet if Germany decided to attack Czecho-Slovakia it might prefer to occupy Austria first; if it dealt with Czecho-Slovakia first, Austria would inevitably fall into its lap. Thus every frontier is a problem even if there is a friend on the other side.

Austria's key position makes its territorial integrity a matter of serious concern to all its neighbors and, equally, to the distant great powers, which see in the unfortunate European status quo the best guaranty of world peace. The Soviet Union, for instance, is hundreds of miles removed from Austria. If Germany, however, should violate Austria it could later dominate the Balkans as far as Rumania—and that would affect Russia. For the same reason Turkey would be concerned. Anything which determines the fate of so many nations and which may bring on a war cannot leave England and France indifferent. They are far away, but the Austrian problem is near to them. Japan too is involved, though it seems to belong to another world. If Austria became a German province, the German menace to Russia would grow more real. That would interest Japan, might even shape Japanese policy. What interests Japan is also worthy of America's attention. Austria in itself may be nothing more than an overgrown uneconomical capital with a lot of skiing hills attached to it. Yet all eyes are upon it. In like manner Poland or Yugoslavia or Czecho-Slovakia is everybody's business. A struggle with Serbia ignited the first World War. Who thought that Abyssinia would take the center of the world stage? The world is indivisible; and war and peace are indivisible.

"Austrian independence." That is the central thesis within Austria and in Europe generally. Italy, France, England, and the Little Entente are committed to it in vary-

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ing degree; only Germany, despite numerous insistent requests, has refused to acquiesce. Yet Austria was never so dependent as it is today. Its internal politics and its financial and economic policies are often foreign-made. Austrians, therefore, smile sarcastically when they hear impassioned pleas for Austrian independence from Chancellor Schuschnigg or Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg. "And who armed you?" they ask. "And who instructs you how to deal with domestic political parties?"

Nobody doubts that Mussolini was responsible for the bombardment of the splendid homes of Vienna workingmen in February, 1934. During the spring of 1933 the Austrian Nazis made considerable headway. The Dollfuss government felt uncertain. The Socialists were alarmed. In June, 1933, President Miklas, Dr. Dollfuss, and Karl Renner, a right-wing Social Democrat, were brought together under foreign auspices to discuss a coalition between Christian Socialists and Social Democrats. They agreed on the terms. It was understood, for instance, that Otto Bauer and Julius Deutsch, who were regarded as radicals, would be eliminated from Socialist leadership, at least temporarily. Dollfuss, however, asked six weeks for deliberation. After he went to see Mussolini at Riccione in August he rejected the agreement. Dollfuss often went to Mussolini for advice, and Prince Starhemberg prides himself on being the Duce's pupil. Mussolini sometimes outlined their strategic plans. Dollfuss believed it wise to combine with the left against the right. Mussolini preferred the destruction of the left, to be followed, if possible, by the smashing of the right and the erection on their ruins of an authoritarian state. Critics and supporters of the present Austrian regime declare with certainty that Morreale, Mussolini's agent in Vienna, inspired the events which precipitated the Socialist uprising of February, 1934, and its ruthless suppression.

When Mussolini's mobilization on the Brenner scotched the poorly prepared Nazi *Putsch* of July, 1934, his Austrian strategy was complete, but what remains is not an authoritarian state. It is a state without authority. One-third of Austria, good observers estimate, is Socialist and Communist, one-third Christian Socialist, and 30 per cent Nazi; the rest, perhaps 2 or 3 per cent of the total, would vote Schuschnigg, if they could vote. The Schuschnigg Cabinet is backed by the bayonets of Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr, a paramilitary formation. These bayonets were paid for either by Starhemberg, who is a big landlord, or from the profits of Italian arms shipments to Hungary. Mussolini naturally dislikes Socialists, and when the Austrian Socialists began to interfere with the Italian-Hungarian arms traffic they committed suicide as a legal party. Today, accordingly, Austria has no parliament, no political parties, no popular backing of the regime, no free press, and no trade unions. It has, however, a terror, which ranges from long prison sentences to the opening of foreign tourists' mail.

Austria's political "independence" finds a complement in its economic "independence." Austria's great industries are skiing, musical festivals, and, at present, sanctions-breaking. No one expected Starhemberg or Schuschnigg to be unpleasant to Mussolini. But sales to Italy are limited by Italy's capacity to pay. Austria can send timber and wood pulp, which it has in abundance. It cannot, however, go on importing raw materials for gold and sell to Italy for lire or oranges. In effect, this amounts to Austrian credits for Italy and a loss of solid currency backing which Austria can ill afford. Soon Italy will be applying sanctions to itself. Nevertheless, revenue from Czech and German transit trade with Italy has been considerable in recent months, and so too has been the income from Austria's failure to impose League sanctions. The year 1935 saw obvious economic improvement, most of it superficial. Official unemployment figures are unreliable. Destitution stalks the streets of Vienna, and official posters call on the citizenry to feed starving children and adults. Hemmed in as it is on a small territory by a chain of customs mountains, Austria faces an economic future neither normal nor bright.

Against this stark background Viennese politicians are playing a frivolous and comic game. They toy with the idea of Hapsburg restoration in the hope that it will prevent the union with Germany. Many believe it would hasten that event. But this is less important than the Little Entente's unalterable opposition, backed probably by France, to a return of Otto or any other prince or king. Italy has not always obstructed Austrian monarchist tendencies. This intensifies Czecho-Slovakian and Yugoslav hostility to Hapsburg legitimism, for these states foresee, first, a possible joint Italian-Hapsburg attempt to tear Croatia from Yugoslavia; second, a union between Austria and Hungary which would weaken the Little Entente—they are all anti-Hungarian because Hungary wants the territory it ceded to them under the peace treaties; and, third, in any case, Hapsburg intrigues and subversive propaganda among dissident or embittered groups in all three of the Little Entente states—Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. The Little Entente is even more adamant against Hapsburg restoration than against Austrian *Anschluss* with Germany, and it is determined to prevent both. Denied their Otto, the stranded *kaiserliche und königliche* aristocracy and the decrepit bureaucratic vestiges persuade communities to pass resolutions electing him their honorary citizen—a thousand communities have taken that formal step—and, for the rest, they hope because they have nothing else to do. Starhemberg, however, only thirty-six years old, handsome, and ambitious, entertains another idea. He could become regent for the Hapsburgs. That would not necessarily mean that the regent would ever cease warming the seat and yield it to a royal prince; Horthy has been regenting for many years. A vice-chancellor can go. A regent, presumably, enjoys life tenure. This development is possible. The Little Entente could interpose no objection.

One must not be too severe with today's rulers of Austria. Since they refuse to broaden the narrow base of their political structure they must at least be allowed the pleasure of imagining how it would look with a crown on top of it. Tragic, perhaps even dangerous, childishness! The only way in which Austria could offer resistance to Italian as well as German fascism and thus give real content to the present empty slogan of Austrian independence would be to set up a democratic government. The Little Entente favors this solution and has worked for it. The Vatican too might approve of it, for the Holy See fears German anti-Catholic predominance in the only remaining papal country of central Europe.

The dictatorship is Austria's weakness. It exposes the country to outside dictatorships before which it is helpless. Austria's safety in recent years has lain partly in the rivalry

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between the two fascisms. But now Italy is preoccupied in Abyssinia and the Mediterranean. Why does not Germany take advantage of this situation to annex Austria? Actually, the Austrian and German Nazis have been relatively inactive in Austria. They seem to be retiring from the field, although Mussolini has lately hinted, to frighten France and England, perhaps, that he would connive at Germany's conquest of Austria. Germany's present passivity vis-a-vis Austria is an astounding and major fact in European affairs. It is the strongest impression one gains in Austria, though it may be reversed at any time in response to larger changes in the relations between the great powers. For the time being Germany's inaction when the conditions would seem to encourage action is taken to reflect Hitler's difficult internal position. Hitler knows that Austria is a match which would start a European conflagration. He wisely refrains from striking it.

While Germany is revealing less interest, England is displaying more. Central and southeastern Europe are beginning to look with increasing frequency to London for leadership. These countries have not deserted France, rather they are afraid that France has deserted or is inclined to desert them. But British or Czecho-Slovak influence cannot rest on a firm basis and foreign financial investments cannot be safe until the internal political regime conforms more to national needs and popular wishes.

Presidential Possibilities

Colonel Knox's Campaign Strategy

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

IN weighing the candidacy of Colonel Frank Knox, it is essential to note that he is attacking Roosevelt and not the Democratic Party. Many of his recent speeches could be said to be built on the Democratic platform, and the chief charge against Roosevelt is his broken platform pledges. This may be more significant than appears on the surface. It may mean that Colonel Knox is consciously appealing to conservative Democrats, and would follow through with a logical plan of cooperation. He has said nothing specific to justify this conclusion. But would it not be feasible for him, if nominated, to announce that he would take office only for one term, that he would clean up "the New Deal mess" on a non-partisan basis, redeem the pledges of both platforms as to economy and sound currency, invite leading conservative Democrats into the Cabinet, and thus be assured of votes enough in the Senate to put through the program? If there is a "crisis" at Washington, a coalition would be a familiar political recourse. Even British democracy has not been able to manage without one.

This is my own guess, but it is the only hypothesis which explains to me Colonel Knox's confusing campaign. It makes his vitriol-throwing at Roosevelt more than mere pique. It might be the reason for his emphasis on platform pledges, which otherwise is ingenuous, in view of the general shattering of platforms in American history. It also would be a reason for not stressing his own doctrines. To be a coalition candidate he would need to simplify his program. To appeal to conservatives of both parties he would have to soft-pedal his progressivism of 1912. The less said the better about his having, as a reform country editor in Michigan, fought the "interests"—the Michigan Central in particular—managed Governor Osborne's campaign, and thus prepared for the first heavy taxation on that railroad. And if he is to appeal to conservative Republicans he must admit that it was a mistake that he, more than anyone else, dragged Theodore Roosevelt into the 1912 campaign, which according to an article about him in *Fortune* he now does admit. Far better to refer to his strong fight in New Hampshire against a state income tax. Better, too, to decry the Wagner act for introducing "coercion" into the American system of "voluntarism," and for not exacting from employers and workers equal fulfilment of contracts. Thus, too, one can understand the fervor for states' rights, remarkable just now among Illinois Republicans, and the quotation from the platform of Lincoln pledging "the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions."

This line, at any rate, has made Colonel Knox one of the leading Republican aspirants. He has been helped, too, by the assumption that he will have the Illinois Republican organization behind him, thus being assured of strength in the Middle West. He has the indorsement of the Cook County Republican Committee and the Republican State Committee. The latter was unprecedented, but it really does not mean much, since Illinois selects its convention delegates by primary and they are not legally bound to support any candidate. The state committee can give a lead, not much more. And in Illinois there is factionalism, which may cause the Colonel trouble. In the last gubernatorial campaign the *Daily News* fought Governor Len Small, as was to have been expected. Small, however, was helpful in getting the state committee to indorse Knox, and the Colonel, when in the neighborhood of Small's home, paid him an appreciative visit. According to an account in the *Tribune,* Small, at this meeting, talked about having $125,000 to spend and hinted about making a comeback. Knox denies that either topic was mentioned in the conversation, or that his visit was more than a courtesy call. The *Tribune,* in publishing this account, certainly was not trying to be helpful, and an important point about the report is that it throws light on the disposition toward Knox of Colonel Bert McCormick, its publisher. Obviously he is piqued to have the publisher of the *Daily News,* only four years in Chicago, blossom as a favorite son.

Colonel Knox is in difficulty the moment he starts to play politics in Chicago. To rebuild the local Republican organization he can hardly avoid beginning with the fragments of the old Thompson machine. As this was unspeakably unsavory, it brings him into relations with men with whom the publisher of a respectable newspaper would not

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associate. Again according to the *Tribune,* Colonel Knox has been recently seen in public with an arm over the shoulder of Alderman William V. Pacelli, a symbol of the exigencies of politics in Cook County. But he had mixed in local politics before his candidacy crossed his mind. This was last year when he thought something must be done to create an opposition to Mayor Kelly. It was a mistake, as many of his friends told him at the time. The Kelly machine owned too many Republican precinct committeemen, and Knox failed ignominiously. Now, however, these new associates are clambering aboard his band-wagon, though how sincerely may be questioned. It is to their interest to boost Knox if he is a winner and if in that way they can rid themselves of the enmity of the *Daily News.* If Colonel McCormick began showing power enough to checkmate Knox, they might want to swing over to McCormick. So at this stage of the drama one can't be sure how strong Colonel Knox is in Chicago, and how loyal his Illinois delegates will be.

I have drawn a distinction between the private and public Knox. The public Knox, as I heard him in Chicago addressing a luncheon of men and women party organizers, confined himself to castigating Roosevelt, without uttering a constructive syllable. He enumerated the Roosevelt pledges, then the violations, all in the most relentless, prosecuting-attorney method. "And now I ask you," he cried in a metallic-voiced climax, "would any of you again believe Franklin Delano Roosevelt?" His audience shouted back a lusty "no." Trustworthiness in Office is the title of this and similar addresses. Another high spot in it is the citation of the letter written by the President when the Guffey bill was before the Senate, in which he urged that doubts as to its constitutionality should not be allowed to block its passage. Knox solemnly and slowly reads the oath of office, stressing the pledge to preserve the Constitution. Then as slowly he quotes Lincoln: "I could not take office without taking the oath, nor was it my view that I might take the oath in order to get power and then break the oath in using the power." This goes down well, the average American not knowing that Lincoln was hardly an impeccable constitutionalist, or that he refused to let the United States marshal serve a summons upon a prison official, cited for contempt of the Supreme Court, who had ignored a writ of habeas corpus. Colonel Knox may know it, and brush the incident aside as having occurred in war time, but he would hunt in vain for mention of war in Lincoln's oath.

Another favorite device in recent speeches is to make a forecast of certain planks in the Democratic platform of 1936, based on Roosevelt's policies. Then he springs it on the audience that he is quoting from the Socialist platform in the last campaign. He selects nine planks for this ruse; public ownership and democratic control of utilities, communication, and transportation; steeply increased inheritance and income taxes; government ownership of grain elevators, stockyards, and packing-houses; agricultural planning on a national scale; abolition of the power of the Supreme Court to nullify Congressional laws; amendment to the Constitution authorizing federal social insurance and the power to own and operate manufacture, banking, commerce, communication, transportation, and utilities; encouragement of trade with Soviet Russia; entrance of the United States into the World Court; and a five-billion-dollar appropriation for public works, roads, reforestation, and slum clearance. It is of course absurd to say that Roosevelt wants government ownership and operation of manufacture and commerce—the only socialism in these nine planks—but in a partisan atmosphere it is a smart trick.

The appeal to disgruntled Democrats is clearly recognizable. Knox enumerates six planks from the Democratic platform of 1932, and urges that they be incorporated in the Republican platform of 1936. These are immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditure, maintenance of national credit by a federal budget annually balanced, sound currency, unemployment and old-age insurance under *state* laws (Knox's italics), strict enforcement of anti-trust laws, and opposition to the unsound policy of restricting agricultural production. Roosevelt, he likes to say, "has gone too far to the left toward radicalism" to live up to these pledges.

But he stumbles when it comes to agriculture. He believes its future lies in producing raw materials for industry as well as food, and in reviving the "old Yankee trading spirit" (in reality, as he explains, subsidies for dumping farm products abroad) so as to restore foreign markets. But like other Republicans he is searching for something that maintains farmers' incomes without looking like "regimentation."

Knox has taken his candidacy seriously enough to establish Chicago headquarters in the La Salle hotel—this in part to keep personal politics out of the *Daily News* office—and he travels regularly between Chicago and Washington. At the La Salle one can meet former Commander Hayes and Phil Collins, one of the king-makers of the American Legion, also LeRoy T. Vernon, former *Daily News* correspondent in Washington, who fits comfortably in the present Knox campaign though he fought zealously on the Taft side when Knox was Bull-Moosing in 1912. Here one may ask what has become of the once liberal Knox and be told that he has not changed, but only seems to have, because Roosevelt has moved so far to the left. This is argued with conviction. No doubt it is what the local business "giants" say in Room 100 in the Chicago Club, where Knox has been admitted as a member of this industrial House of Lords of the Middle West. They and the upper few thousand in Chicago are even more rabid on the topic of Roosevelt than is the Wall Street district of New York.

Candidate Knox might be nominated with the help of their kind, but the upper few thousand could not elect him. To win he would have to poll at least some farmers and workers. The only mass support he now can look forward to is in the ranks of the Legion. Labor he has recklessly affronted with his opposition to the Wagner law, despite his long record of dealing with unions without a strike. He contends that there is no labor problem because he personally has not encountered one. That workers have the right of collective bargaining under a ruling of the Supreme Court which they cannot enforce without legislation he refuses to see. He is satisfied that there need be no law simply because, as an employer, he has never had a strike. The reasoning satisfies Knox and big employers alike. And it serves, I should say, as the intellectual yardstick of Colonel Knox in both his personalities, as publisher and candidate.

[*The first part of Mr. Swing's article on Colonel Knox appeared last week. Next week Benjamin Stolberg will discuss Governor Talmadge as a "Presidential possibility."*]

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Mr. Hearst Restores St. Donats

By A WELSH CORRESPONDENT

IN South Wales, squeezed between the coal mines and the sea, was the ancient Norman castle of St. Donats. It rose sheer from the brown and oily waters of the Bristol Channel. Like many other buildings of great antiquity it had been extensively restored, but unlike many it had been fortunate in its restorer. The character of the place remained. There was nothing pseudo-Norman about it; what was solid and usable was left, and what obviously could not be genuine made no pretense of being so. Inside it had been furnished with all the comforts of modern civilization; outside it remained the same. The garden fell in terraces to the sandy bay a quarter of a mile from the house; the barracks of the Norman soldiers on the second terrace remained untouched and "unrestored." Roses grew in tangled masses over the walls and roof. An ancient tortoise groped in and out of the herbaceous border. White pigeons flapped round the keep.

The march of progress had made the blue and glittering sea of Norman times odoriferous and oily; it had built rows of squalid red brick cottages right up to the gate house, had reared gaunt cranes and pithead machinery within sight of the keep, and turned the little village of serfs' cottages, called the Hamlet of St. Donats, into the filthy and altogether unattractive township of Llantwit Major. This made no difference to the castle. Once within its precincts it was possible to keep the illusion of older and more romantic times—times when the oil descended from the keep on the heads of the attacking foe instead of rising from the sea and depositing itself on the rocks and shingle, and on the persons of those foolish enough to bathe; times when the barracks were full of men sharpening their axes, and when the tilting yard rang with the cheers of the crowd as the combatants entered the lists. St. Donats was a link with the past.

But now all that is changed. Nine hundred years after the followers of William the Norman had conquered the Welsh and built their fortress came another intruder. He came from the West instead of the East, but he too came armed—not with ax and sword but with the most potent weapon of modern times, money. Money can do almost more in our time than spears and lances in the time of the Normans, and by its aid William Randolph Hearst accomplished a bloodless invasion of Glamorgan and acquired for his own St. Donats Castle.

Mr. Hearst's descent on Wales came at a time when he was feeling peevish. He had suffered the indignity of being expelled from France. Wales was not so fastidious; if not welcome, Mr. Hearst was at least permitted entrance. What was his object in buying St. Donats one can only surmise. Certainly not to use it as a residence. He is seldom there for as long as a fortnight in the year. Even more certainly not as a residence for his wife, for that lady, having learned with shocked surprise that the only entrance was under the keep, and that the servants had to use it as well as herself, refused point-blank to set foot inside the place. In addition, she was heard to remark that it was a nice little place, but not big enough for entertaining. One can only suppose that Mr. Hearst's motives were ones of pure snobbery; St. Donats was unique, therefore Mr. Hearst must own it.

But if St. Donats was unique before Mr. Hearst acquired it, how much more strikingly so is it now! Nothing about the place, it appears, was right for him. Decorating firms vied with each other in their zeal to "improve" and modernize the interior. Mr. Hearst is thoughtful for his guests, and perhaps he realized that young Hollywood is not at its ease away from a cocktail bar and solid marble bathrooms in becoming shades. But one wonders whose idea were the bow windows. If Mr. Hearst hankered after bow windows, why did he not buy a villa at Bournemouth or Swansea? Bow windows at St. Donats are fantastic. They look like pimples on the gray face of the castle. Right through the ten-foot walls and curtain wall they have been pushed. It is without parallel in vandalism that St. Donats should have been so mocked. Do not imagine, however, that Mr. Hearst has no tenderness for antiquity. He shows off with great pride a pair of grubby bedroom slippers that may have belonged to Henry VIII, and rushes lie on the flagged floor—cheek by jowl with the green marble of the bathrooms.

If he has made havoc inside, what of outdoors? That, if possible, is worse. The barracks on the second terrace have been pulled down and entirely rebuilt to provide accommodation for fifty bachelors. Five bachelors one can believe in, even fifteen, but fifty all together under one roof stretches the imagination too far. The tilting yard, the sole remaining one in the country, has been made into a luxurious swimming pool. Altogether Mr. Hearst has made St. Donats at last fit to live in, and fit for his Hollywood friends to visit him in. Special trains bring them down from London and after the party is over return them whence they came.

For fifty weeks in the year the swimming pool is deserted. For a fortnight platinum blondes lie in rows on the terrace in a minimum of clothing and a maximum of make-up. Among them strolls Elinor Glyn with her vivid red hair and her whimsical smile. The sandy bay echoes with the sound of Middle Western voices. In the evening the local pubs are gratified by the sight of the young ladies of Hollywood in their beach pajamas consuming gin and whiskey and brandy and vermouth in staggering quantities. The young ladies' legs are not always as strong as their heads, and occasionally they have to be carried or wheeled in a barrow back to the castle. Mr. Hearst himself is a teetotaler, but his friends are not. Their contempt for the licensing laws of Great Britain is enormous. "Oh, gee, baby," they say to the scandalized innkeeper when he points out that it is closing time, "that's a lot of hooey. Mr. Hearst'll buy up your joint in the morning." Quite useless to point out that even if Mr. Hearst should "buy up the joint" the licensing laws would apply to him just as much as to Trefor Jones or David Lewis.

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In just one respect Mr. Hearst may be looked upon as a benefactor—he gives everyone in Glamorgan plenty to laugh at and gossip about. For example, he appeared to distribute the prizes at a small agricultural show followed by a bevy of beauties in sun-bathing suits and platinum curls. The Welsh yokels were agog, they stared till their eyes popped, and one old farmer was heard to remark to his neighbor, "Indeed, it is a harem he has, look you." The platinum blondes created an equal diversion among the startled cows, while Mr. Hearst himself quarreled with his neighbor, Sir Rhys Williams, on the subject of cream. Altogether a most successful show.

As a joke, Mr. Hearst is an asset no doubt, but his value as a figure of fun cannot compensate for the damage to St. Donats. Even the ghost has left St. Donats now, and the ancient tortoise, seneschal of the high terrace, has died of disgust.

Correspondence

Harlem Hospitals

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's article on Harlem in your issue of January 22 calls for some correction.

Under Hospitals and Health Mr. Villard says: "The central fact remains that Harlem has been served by only one public hospital of 325 beds for a population of over 200,000." Mr. Villard does not say that some weeks before the publication of his article the normal capacity of Harlem Hospital was increased from 325 beds and bassinettes to 607 beds and 114 bassinettes.

Mr. Villard says further that "what makes the situation worse from the Negro point of view is the constant discrimination against colored members of the medical staff of the Harlem Hospital." I do not believe that Mr. Villard would have made such a statement if he had taken the trouble to inform himself of the facts. To the best of my knowledge and belief promotions to senior positions are now being made on a merit basis without regard to race or political affiliation.

When the present administration took office, the Medical Board of Harlem Hospital, comprising the Senior Visitings, included only one Negro member; now there are three. In the recent organization of the Queens General Hospital, a new department unit, places were found for five Negro physicians. I have just promoted a Negro physician to the position of full attending physician at Sea View Hospital. Out of 181 Negro physicians practicing in New York State, about half are associated with the New York City Department of Hospitals.

S. S. Goldwater, M. D., Commissioner

New York, January 28

To the Editors of The Nation:

In regard to Dr. Goldwater's letter, a reference to the new wing was inadvertently omitted from my article, but I am unable to see that the opening of the wing has any bearing upon the facts set forth as to the past. Dr. Goldwater will hardly deny that for four years all work on this wing was stopped, although the need for it was overwhelming.

As to the racial discrimination referred to in my article, that was based upon the facts laid before the Mayor's Commission, which does not agree with Dr. Goldwater's view.

New York, February 5 Oswald Garrison Villard

TEMPO IN THE U. S. S. R.

STAKHANOV

Alexei Stakhanov, a coal miner in the Donbas, recently began a movement that has vibrated through all the sinews of the new Soviet industry and agriculture. It has meant a vast increase in productivity and promises huge rewards in happy living for the 170 millions in the Soviet Union. The Europe-bound traveler can scarcely afford to omit a visit to Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Kiev and Odessa (or down the Volga and to the Caucasus) to witness at first hand the great progress being made in a sixth of the world. Easy connections with more western cities are made by air, boat or express. Rates in dollars (not increased for four years) on an all-inclusive basis make travel inexpensive. Write to Intourist for information and for booklet NA-2.

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Labor and Industry

Seattle Upholds Civil Liberty

By COLE STEVENS

Seattle, February 5

THE way to fight fascism is to fight fascism—to tackle it here and now, instead of letting it grow from a trend to a reality. Acting on this logical but often ignored theory, Seattle liberals and radicals have twice made news in the past month—once when veterans raided a workers' school and found themselves in court as a result, and again when William Randolph Hearst attacked academic freedom and civil liberties and was excoriated in the public press by fifty-odd university teachers two days later.

The first story goes back to late December, when Seattle Communist organizations announced that they were opening a Marxist "social-science school" such as they have conducted periodically for years. This time, however, the American Legion Americanization Committee and the Hearst *Post-Intelligencer* were on the job. They protested to Mayor Charles L. Smith—the little man who led a gas attack on maritime pickets in the 1934 strike and who tried to turn the recent Fisher Flouring Mill strike into a red-baiting spree. Smith admitted he could find no law prohibiting sessions of the school, but his police chief bragged to the *Post-Intelligencer* that "the day the radical school opens we'll back the patrol wagon up to the curb and give the faculty a free ride to jail."

Apparently the Communists wanted a showdown, for they set the date of the school's opening for January 7 and sent a letter to the Mayor demanding police protection. The police "protection" arrived—the red squad—and arrested five persons at the opening session, including Morris Raport, Communist district organizer, and Robert Stephens, Machinists' Union member and delegate to the Central Labor Council.

Wesley Randall, organizer of the school, took Raport's place on the platform when the police left, but within a few minutes a carefully timed attack was made by some forty valorous veterans, who no doubt are still proud that they helped make the country "safe for democracy." These thugs in overseas caps started a free-for-all which resulted in injuries to both sides. Reporters from the *Post-Intelligencer* and *Times* were on hand to get pictures. Police were called, but they reported later that they found only some veterans standing around talking.

Seattle has always been a liberal town; now labor and liberals were outraged. The boilermakers sent a delegation to the jail demanding the release of the prisoners, who were being held incomunicado, without charges. The Mayor's telephone rang all that night. Early the next morning Jack Cluck and Rollo Houghton, attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union, appeared in court with a writ of habeas corpus. Since there was no legal ground for holding the men, all were released. To prevent a repetition of such police lawlessness, charges of false arrest were preferred against Police Chief W. B. Kirtley.

Then the heavens fell on the veterans. Incredible as it may seem, five of them were identified by Wesley Randall, and warrants were issued for their arrest on a charge of unlawful assembly by Deputy Prosecutor Paul Coughlin, who said, "The investigation indicated that the veterans intended to conduct themselves so as to cause almost inevitably a serious disturbance, and that they had come prepared to fight. A severe battle followed. Such actions by private citizens are opposed to the long tradition of American civil liberties and are contrary to law." On the same day Randall demanded police protection for the next meeting of the workers' school.

The five men arrested turned out to be prominent members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The leader of the raid, C. R. Christie, was a past junior vice-commander of the national organization, and two others were commanders, past and present, of local posts. The state commander predicted a fight to the finish for the culprits, and several prominent veteran lawyers volunteered to defend them. The Chamber of Commerce apologized for the veterans and condemned the prosecutor's office. The Hearst *Post-Intelligencer* printed the expected sob story telling how the men were "cheerfully unrepentant over their part in breaking up the first session of the Seattle Communist College." But the raiders were arraigned and forced to post bond, and a jury trial was set for March 21.

The second incident was also stirred up by the Hearst paper, and ended even more surprisingly. The Civic Auditorium was rented for a speech by Harry F. Ward, chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism and president of the A. C. L. U. On January 30 the ever-alert *Post-Intelligencer* carried the headline "Ward Talk Under Legion Probe," and asserted that the use of two halls had been refused to Ward earlier, and that the Legion Subversive Activities Committee was investigating the affair. On Sunday, February 2, appeared the headline "U. Faculty Men Listed as Backing Ward." The names of four University of Washington teachers had been found among the sponsoring committee of twenty-six. Emphasis was laid on the fact that Ward opposed teachers' loyalty oaths, to which Washington teachers are subject. The charges were accompanied by distortions of items taken from the Hearst morgue: that Professor Richard G. Taylor had been "active in various so-called 'liberal' movements [technocracy] and recently was deposed as dean of the college of engineering"; that Professor F. B. Farquharson "last year sat on the platform with Communists during a local meeting of the League Against War and Fascism"; and that Selden Menefee, sociology teacher, was the "author of articles in radical magazines [*The Nation*]." Hugh DeLacy, English teacher, had no such black record but had merely sponsored Ward. The D. A. R. said the *Post-Intelligencer* had joined the investigation.

The university faculty acted immediately A group of liberals, some of them members of the local American Federation of Teachers' union, which has some eighty members on the campus, drew up the following statement:

> The publicity in the Hearst press for the lecture by Harry F. Ward, scheduled for February 6 at the Civic Auditorium, displays the typical Hearst animus against

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civil liberties, particularly against the constitutional right of freedom of assembly.

Dr. Ward is a professor at Union Theological Seminary, author of several distinguished books, and secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Dr. Ward has spoken on the university campus in past years.

As a speaker for peace and democracy he has the right to a fair hearing. Any attack on a speaker or his sponsors because he stands for civil liberties is in itself evidence that those liberties are in danger.

As the Seattle *Star* said on January 23, in response to Hearst's attack on the peace movement in the churches, "The case at issue is that of Hearst against Almost Everybody . . . what America needs right now is not protection from Communists but from William Randolph Hearst."

By Tuesday fifty-eight teachers had signed this letter pledging their support to the sponsoring committee. Many prominent faculty members, including the chairmen of the Instructors' Association and of the Teachers' Union, were included. The evening *Star,* whose liberal editor, Rodney Brink, has been blasting Hearst recently, gave the story a front-page spread and strong editorial support. The impossible had happened—a large group of "cloistered" college professors had come down out of their ivory towers to strike a real blow against Hearst and fascism!

The Hearst paper, probably fearing the rage of the czar of San Simeon, managed to get a statement out of President Lee Paul Sieg of the university, who was imported two years ago from Pittsburgh, the Mellon university recently blacklisted by the American Association of University Professors. Sieg "deplored" the faculty members' action, saying that "faculty members should be too busy attending to their educational duties to find time to enter into a controversy off the campus." The *Star* retorted: "Dr. Sieg surely can see that compliance with such a formula would also keep his professors too busy to go fishing or to a movie show—or to vote on election day . . . we feel sure that the head of a great American university [should] actually urge his entire faculty to 'take sides' where the American right of freedom of speech and the very Constitution itself are in jeopardy."

This tremendous build-up assured the success of the Ward meeting. Six thousand persons filled the auditorium and applauded Dr. Ward's clear analysis of current trends toward fascism and the need for a united front to curb those trends. The incident undoubtedly pleased the sixty-two instructors involved. And the *Star* was the recipient of a large number of subscriptions as a result of an informal movement among liberals. So everyone was happy—except, perhaps, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Sieg; the latter's stand on the civil rights of teachers has enabled his faculty to know what to expect of him hereafter.

One more thing in the fight for civil liberties remains to be reported. As a reaction to the veterans' case related above, a committee representing liberals and radicals of all shades, together with the rank and file of labor, has entered a mayoralty candidate in the current campaign. Tom E. Smith, the candidate, has a perfect progressive labor record in the state legislature. The Washington Commonwealth Federation, a coalition of technocrats and other liberal groups, is swinging its precinct organizations into action for him. With the conservatives divided several ways, he may win office. Whether he does or not, the campaign promises to be one that will set the pace for "peoples' fronts" in other cities.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROUN

FRANK KNOX seeks the Republican nomination and he also runs the Chicago *Daily News*. His dual role as publisher and Presidential aspirant has some embarrassing features. An organizer for the American Newspaper Guild reported that it was difficult to talk to men on the *News* because they were frightened off by the publisher's opposition. This has not manifested itself in any overt act, but a newspaper shop is a whispering gallery. "It was learned on good authority," as the phrase goes, that anybody on the Knox paper who joined the guild would find such action bad medicine.

The National Executive Board of the guild felt that as a Presidential candidate Colonel Knox would be glad to make some open statement in regard to his position on collective bargaining, and a communication was sent to him. He did not seem very glad or very open. Of course he has "had a long and amiable contact with organized labor," but he hazards the guess that the reason for the guild's failure to make faster progress in Chicago is "that the hard-boiled, individualistic, and realistic men who staff the Chicago papers don't see the benefits." The Colonel's hint to his staff is a broad one. One needs to be no master of realism to translate the Knox note accurately enough. The Colonel is saying that on his own paper he believes in rugged individualism and that he is against organized labor. What could be simpler?

* * *

FOR a short period I thought I had a notion which might revolutionize the reporting of news from Washington. It was all on account of something the taxi-driver said. He was talking of the fact that in the course of a day he carried many famous men to the House or the Senate or the White House itself. "And a lot of them seem to forget," he added, "that down here in Washington there isn't any glass between the driver and the passenger."

There flashed into my head the notion of a service to be called "Taxi Tips, Inc.—The Inside of the Inside of Washington News."

"Only yesterday," the driver continued, "I had Carter Glass and a friend in my cab."

"Was it that very slippery day?" I inquired hopefully.

But seemingly there had been no mishap, for the taxi man continued, "That old Senator was talking about a man named Eccles. He was saying all sorts of things about him just as if I didn't have an ear in my head."

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly, my journalistic fervor aroused. "What did Carter Glass say about Eccles?"

"He said he didn't like him," replied the driver. I have decided not to organize Taxi Tips, Inc., after all.

* * *

THE secrecy which surrounds all the activities of the Supreme Court save its public announcements is supposed to add to its dignity and sanctity. But of late its reputation has been impaired by rumor. One is so persistent that the court in all fairness to itself should issue an affirmation or a denial. To be sure the justices cannot be expected to take heed of every tale which goes around con-

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cerning the manner in which they arrived at some particular decision. Newspapermen themselves pay little attention to those ropes conjured out of thin air. But a number of reliable correspondents are convinced that the story of the switch of Chief Justice Hughes on the AAA case is true. According to this very persistent rumor Chief Justice Hughes had been inclined to vote with Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo in upholding the act. Finding himself in the minority he switched over in order to make the invalidating decision go by six to three.

* * *

A RECENT issue of *Time* was a great deal less than fair to John L. Lewis. At the top of the page the magazine printed a picture of a pleasant old house in Alexandria, Virginia, of Lewis reclining in a chair, and of a corner of the handsome office of the president of the United Mine Workers of America in the Tower Building in Washington. In a footnote the office was referred to as "moderne." The intention was obvious and probably successful with some. I ran into a couple of old dowagers in Washington who had been receptive to the idea. They were chattering away in their circle about how terrible it was that a labor leader should have a palace in which to live and an elaborate office, while other men were working deep underground. Now even the most bitter foes of Lewis would hardly deny the enormous energy he puts into his job. His salary of $12,000 a year makes him among the lower-paid labor leaders although he is the president of the largest union. John L. Lewis is probably the greatest authority from all possible angles on coal in this country today. Alexandria is of course a suburb of Washington, and its rents are low. Lewis does not own the house in which he lives.

I believe he smokes pretty good cigars, but I have never come across any other luxury in which he indulges himself. And as far as his tactics and his objectives go he need not apologize to anyone for being "moderne."

Facts for Consumers

AS instructive a bit of information for consumers as has ever been published is contained in a letter written by Representative Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin to the Secretary of State and reprinted in the *Congressional Record*. Primarily the letter was a protest against the recent reciprocal tariff agreement with Canada, which among other things lowered the duty on Canadian cheese; but in explaining why the arrangement was unfair to his constituents Mr. Amlie gave some interesting information about process cheese (natural cheese heated to the melting-point with flavoring and other ingredients added) and the business methods and quality standards of such large producers as Kraft-Phenix.

The cheapest and most inferior cheese on the market is bought by the processors and used as a base for their product. Flavor, one of the characteristics of all good cheese, is not desired by the processors, for they can add flavor in the processing. Adequate moisture content, another characteristic of good-quality natural cheese, is also not desired. The processors are now reported to be playing the domestic cheese-makers against those across the border by threatening to buy only Canadian cheese unless the domestic cheese-makers will cut the moisture content of their product to 33 per cent, which, according to Amlie, will make a most unpalatable cheese.

The cheese-makers of Wisconsin, writes Amlie, object to this debasement of quality. But even pride in the art of cheese-making must bow to the demands of the market. "It is regrettable," says Amlie, "that the American consuming public does not appreciate what constitutes good cheese." Thus good-quality natural cheese must compete in price with the well-advertised packaged products. Not only do the cheese-makers suffer from this commercial disadvantage, but they are precluded from directly competing with the processors because the patents to the processing methods are the property of Kraft-Phenix and other large corporations.

Back in 1923 the United States Department of Agriculture established grades for American cheddar, which includes two-thirds of all cheese produced in the country. After thirteen years only one pound of every hundred produced is graded. The two top grades are United States Extra Fancy and United States Fancy. The government buys nothing below the third grade, known as U. S. No. 1. Ungraded cheese, much of it of fourth and fifth quality, is regularly sold to the buying public.

Several months ago the Food and Drug Administration's notices of judgment listed a seizure of Kraft-Phenix Velveeta. Velveeta was alleged to be misbranded because the statement on the label that it contained "43 per cent butter fat" was, according to the Food and Drug Administration, false; and because other statements on the package tended to mislead the purchaser into believing that "the article was essentially cheese." The seized shipment of Velveeta was released to Kraft-Phenix under bond on condition that the labels be corrected. Subsequently the decree was amended to permit the product to be dehydrated and reworked.

* * *

THE dull routine of service in the Food Administration has been enlivened for Wendell Vincent, chief of the Western district, by an attempted lynching and more recently by a suit for malicious persecution brought by an irate business man whose products had been seized on three occasions. The attempted lynching was an incident in the spray-residue war on the West Coast a few years ago; the suit for malicious persecution, the first of its kind to be brought against a food-and-drug inspector, is now pending. The first trial, before Municipal Judge A. J. Fritz of San Francisco, ended with a hung jury, eight to four in favor of the plaintiff. Whether Ira D. Cardiff, president of the Washington Dehydrated Food Company, will continue to prosecute or whether he believes that his near victory will sufficiently impress Vincent and other inspectors remains to be seen. Policemen are occasionally sued on such charges, but the effect of making administration inspectors personally liable for the performance of their official duties has given the administration heads something new to worry about. How zealous will men in the field be when they know they may have to pay out of their own pocket for keeping adulterated and poisonous food off the market?

* * *

ONE of the easiest ways of shortweighting is to decrease the size of a standard package. Bakers, for example, have met with little consumer resistance when they have effected an increase in bread prices by reducing the size of the loaf. Meat packers and others in the food industries have followed the same general procedure. New York City's Commissioner of Markets has now called a halt to this form of cheating in the sale of packaged bacon. By agreement with representatives of the large packers, bacon packaged for distribution in New York after February 29 will weigh a full half-pound, not the six ounces which have come to be accepted as the standard size. Consumers in other parts of the country will do well to note whether a "half-pound" of bacon really weighs eight ounces.

RUTH BRINDZE

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Books and Music

Biography

By ABE CRADDOCK EDMUNDS

When time's theft
Of all that once was magical and rare
By a slow garnering had left
No further hint of wonder there:
Death wrote his name upon her face
As carelessly as in an earlier day
He bent the limbs of some Greek girl
And put away her groves and temples.

Mr. Santayana's First Novel

The Last Puritan. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

BY one of those ironies not infrequent in literary history, George Santayana, one of the subtlest and richest minds of our or any other day, and one of the great artists in English prose, who has been quietly turning out philosophic masterpieces for half a century, has come into popular acclaim at last, in his seventy-third year, with what is technically the least expert and what is in some respects the most intellectually attenuated of his works. And all because that work is his first "novel."

As a novel, its faults, according to conventional standards, are numerous. The pace is slow; the structure is not neat and climactical, but almost as rambling, as up-and-downish and full of tedious interludes as life. There are some ordinarily melodramatic incidents—two murders, a suspicious death at sea, a suicide—but instead of any effort on the author's part to extract the full drama latent in these, there seems almost a deliberate effort to muffle it. The physical background of events is sometimes touched off graphically but more often ignored. The protagonist's three years at Williams College, surely formative ones, are dismissed in a few vague sentences. The characters are seen only from certain aspects, and are seldom physically vivid. And the dialogue is like none heard in the novel for a generation. It is an exchange of soliloquies or finished essays; it is full of unblushing self-explanation or exposition, not for the benefit of the person ostensibly addressed, but of the reader; and nearly always it is much too intelligent and clairvoyant.

But the merits of the book make up for everything, and sweep all its faults before them. And are they really faults? As for the structure, we must remember that this is not simply a novel, but "a memoir in the form of a novel." Oliver Alden, the hero, we are to understand from the prologue and epilogue, was a real person; he was "the most gifted" of Santayana's pupils in the philosopher's last days at Harvard. And if Oliver is real, then presumably the other characters are real, or at least idealizations of real characters. In that case our proper standards of structure would be those of biography rather than of fiction—were it not that the author assumes the fiction writer's prerogative of overhearing all conversations and divining his characters' unspoken thoughts. As for the dialogue, after our first shock at its apparent amateurishness, we accept and finally welcome it as a convention. These long, explicit, uninterrupted speeches are a device of compression: we come to assume that what is said in one long speech by a character is the meat of what he really said over the course of a whole evening or a week; and the unnatural intelligence and articulateness of everyone is a refreshing relief from the current convention of laconic obtuseness or incoherent streams of consciousness.

And if the characters are not seen from all sides, their minds, at least, are seen profoundly and thoroughly. Nowhere else in fiction has the latter-day puritan New England soul been so profoundly plumbed, so unsparingly dissected. Unsparingly, and yet sympathetically. For Oliver Alden is defeated, in the end, not because he is a hypocrite but because he is sincere.

We begin with his ancestors: his grasping grandfather, who accumulated the family fortune and died by violence; his frigid Uncle Nathaniel, like a character out of Dickens; his father, whose life was wrecked because he accidentally killed a man when a student at Harvard, and who spends his days wandering aimlessly over the world in his yacht, learned, humorous, amiable, but weary and joyless, who takes to drugs and finally does away with himself; his mother, infuriatingly smug, conventional, and bigoted. Oliver himself comes into the world apparently with everything in his favor. He inherits a strong body, money, social position; he is brought up by an intelligent and enthusiastic German governess saturated in the romantic tradition of Goethe. At school he quickly assumes leadership both in his studies and in sports. But soon we become aware that there is something wrong here. His parents' marriage is a loveless one; there is no warmth or affection in his home, and there is no warmth or gusto in him. He becomes a prude and a prig, sure of his own integrity and rightness. But what is worse, he is incapable of a healthy, animal acceptance of life: what he does, even his football and his rowing, is done not for pleasure but from a sense of duty.

When he comes of age, he takes his fortune ascetically and sadly. "I remain unhappy, I remain desolate. But if the world is desolate, why make believe it is gay and beautiful? I'd rather be desolate than drunk: and that's the alternative." Does the fault, the reader asks, lie in Oliver's bodily chemistry, or is it really in the barren tradition in which he has been raised? Though a puritan, he is even without a mission. "I would gladly devote my life to religion, if there were a religion that was true." And when at length he convinces himself, on puritan grounds, that it is wrong to be a puritan, he remains a puritan notwithstanding. His few attempts at love-making are clumsy and cold; the two women to whom he proposes reject him in spite of his wealth and generosity, and perhaps because of his rather formidable virtue, his icy integrity. He is a failure even in death, for though he enlists half-heartedly in the war, he is killed three days after the Armistice—in a motor accident.

This modern Hamlet, this later Henry Adams, is more than an individual; he is a symbol of a whole race, a whole philosophy. The characters that are contrasted with him—his friend Jim Darnley, fleshly and sensual; his cousin Mario, gilded, merry, cultured, Latin and Catholic; Darnley's pious father—are also symbols; and it is right that they should state so articulately the attitudes for which they stand. For Santayana has turned out, after all, one more book of philosophy, and if the argument is somewhat more attenuated than in previous volumes, it is, by compensation, much more dramatic. And through it are generously sprinkled those aphorisms that fall so easily from his pen: "Emerson is Goethe served in ice water."—"What is love-making but a recurring decimal, always identical in form and always diminishing in value?"—"We've got to change the truth a little in order to remember it." Since Henry James there has been no American novel so rich in thought and analysis.

HENRY HAZLITT

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The Greatest of the Lowells

Biography of Percival Lowell. By A. Lawrence Lowell. The Macmillan Company. $3.

BEGINNING with a reminiscent chapter on the home where the author, one-time president of Harvard, spent his youth with Amy, the poet, and Percival, the subject of the biography, this memoir of America's greatest astronomer rises from the familiar to the picturesque and from the picturesque to the grandiose. The picturesque phase of Percival Lowell's life was passed in the Far East between 1883 and 1893. As one of the first sympathetic observers of Japan and as the unique adviser to the King of Korea, Lowell had the opportunity of becoming, while still very young, an important figure in the world of international politics. But something already evident in his books on the East turned him aside from that brilliant path. It was the passion for observing phenomena. That passion, nurtured in patience, supported by ample means, and crowned with the creative imagination, brought forth his two epochal contributions to astrophysics: the description of Mars, with an explanation of its canals, and the calculation of an undiscovered planet's orbit beyond Neptune. The planet, which he called X, Lowell never saw, but on his birthday, fourteen years after his death, its presence was reported to the world by his former associates at the observatory he had founded.

To the historian of thought the significance of Lowell's work lies in the productive effect of the doctrine of evolution. Both in his work on Mars and in his search for X—now Pluto—it was evolutionary analogy from Lyell and Darwin that animated and directed the tireless observer. The same world-view was latent in his earlier work on Shintoism, just as in "The Soul of the East" something of the pseudo-biological simplification of a Taine or Gobineau was visible. But whereas in society the analogy has produced only prejudice and discord, in science it led once again to a search for just those facts which enabled an imaginative investigator to embrace in a closer formulation the workings of the universe.

President Lowell has recorded his brother's life with sure tact and satisfactory fulness. His task was to write the history of a mind engrossed in problems difficult to popularize, and with the single exception of a misleading remark about the astronomical meaning of opposition, he has achieved perfect clarity without condescension. What is more, one feels throughout, in both biographer and subject, that admirable *respect humain* which is the apanage, not always of mere intelligence, but of aristocratic intelligence, that last fruit of culture, enhancing its noblest accomplishments.

JACQUES BARZUN

Coming of Age in New York

From the Kingdom of Necessity. By Isidor Schneider. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS autobiographical novel out of the East Side contains a wide range of experience sensitively interpreted, a great variety of persons and situations, a close integration between backgrounds and characters. But too often the wealth of material overflows the form, clogs the narrative. There is far too much illustrative matter in the shape of reported speeches, personal outpourings, documentations of points the author has already made in the actions and casual conversations of his characters and in his own often illuminating comments. Here is an organic story, presented with beauty and brilliance, with humor and passion, which by its own vitality disentangles itself from the mass of adipose commentary and remains sharp in outline and vivid in detail after the book is read. The acuteness of a poet's vision contributes to this effect, but there is also the fact that this is a picture of world tendencies and events as they have expressed themselves in New York in the past thirty years, seen from a certain angle which slowly widens with the passage of time and the accumulation of perceptions to include every kind of experience in which the hero can be involved. Time and movement are important in the two main currents, which are constantly touching and separating: the migratory economic life of the family—their many changes of occupation and locality in search of "prosperity"; and the inner development of the hero, alien to his family in every impulse and attitude, constantly struggling to rise out of the morass of poverty, grossness, and dishonesty that surrounds him into a world where he can exist with self-respect and self-fulfilment. And just as the family, in its frantic effort to rise materially, is always tied to an economic evolution it suffers from and struggles with but cannot understand, so Isaac, the son, in his struggle to develop as a man and a writer is constantly confused and frustrated by a crushing sense of weakness, inferiority, and loneliness.

The family, the school, religion, the job, the "better" young people, all have nothing to give him and those like him. In the world as it is now every human impulse is cheapened and vitiated. This is especially true of love and sex, which run like a painful bewildered motif through the adolescent life, where there is no privacy, no beauty, no understanding, and where frustrations or hasty marriages are the least hideous solutions. Isaac at last achieves a happy married life and devotes his gifts as a writer to the liberation of his class.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The International Present

England Made Me. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

GRAHAM GREENE'S latest novel, his sixth, falls into the category of fiction depicting the sickness of modern society. It is not to be confused with those novels which go on to imply or state a remedy, be it communism or Anglo-Catholicism or nudism; the two types are entirely distinct. Greene, like a good many others among our writers, is content to limn his despair and let it go at that.

And yet "England Made Me" is, within its limitations, a good piece of work. It revolves about the thoughts and actions of an English brother and sister in the employ of a Swedish magnate named Krogh (is Kreuger implied?); the brother is the great man's bodyguard, the sister is his secretary and mistress. The story moves easily and smoothly through its three hundred short pages, without fumbling of incident, without any incompetent or irrelevant writing. Greene is a skilful craftsman. He sets off in effective, unlabored relief the immorality of big business and the uneasy petty grafting of those who are the hangers-on of high finance.

The two complementary themes of the book intersect in the mind of the Englishman, Anthony Farrant. Anthony is impregnated with the moral convictions of his father; he believes in the creeds of nineteenth-century England, in prudence and propriety and the absolute moral law. But the security which nourished those comfortable creeds is gone, and Anthony is perforce an economic parasite, going always from job to job, mildly dishonest, accustomed to dishonesty as the typical and normal method of subsistence. He is unwilling that his sister should be Krogh's mistress, and engaged to marry Krogh, when

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A study of 100 great foundations and community trusts—their organization, nature and activities with special reference to their cultural effect.

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HENRY W. NEVINSON *Fire of Life*

WITH A PREFACE BY JOHN MASEFIELD. The three volumes of "Changes and Chances," the autobiography of this great war correspondent, condensed and arranged in one book. It is the moving record of a great life lived at the forefront of world events over the last fifty years. Already a modern classic of autobiography, it "furnishes to all the one indispensable interpretation of the period closed by the World War."—*George W. Kirchwey, The Nation.* $2.75

LAURA NORSWORTHY

The Lady of Bleeding Heart Yard

(LADY ELIZABETH HATTON, 1578-1646)

This biography of a great Elizabethan lady is a volume of such scholarship and vital quality as to rank with those recent books, THOMAS MORE by R. W. Chambers and J. E. Neale's QUEEN ELIZABETH. Lady Elizabeth Hatton, married against her will to Attorney-General Edward Coke, shone in the courts of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, and died a Roundhead. She shone equally in the courts of law, in disputes with her famous husband. She fought four bishops of Ely and was jailed for resisting the last. A glamorous and brilliant character, her story is a richly revealing picture of Elizabethan life and times. *Illustrated.* $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., New York

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she does not love him; but he has no objection to blackmailing Krogh, and he is prevented only by his own lack of appropriate daring. Krogh himself, the swindler with coolness and nerve enough to be successful, feels his life to be empty and profitless, futile with the need for wariness against his fellows. Kate Farrant is better adjusted to her environment than the two men; but she too is nervous and weary with the unending strain of adjustment.

It is a fine technical device of the novelist to make the private thoughts of his characters dwell almost exclusively among old memories, the circumstances of a world which at least in retrospect shows coherence and stability and decency. In the minds of all of them is the constant collision, the impact of a raw unworthy present upon the mellow remembered past. "Deliberately she [Kate] turned away from the thought that there had been a straightness about the poor national past which the international present did without . . . in their class at any rate there had been gentleness and kindness once."

Graham Greene's social philosophy is inconclusive and unsatisfying. Constantly repulsed by the sterility and futility of modern upper-class existence, his characters cannot turn wholeheartedly even to the memory of their past—for the suspicion always obtrudes that the Victorian past was not nearly so gracious and meaningful as it sought to appear. And the future, it goes without saying, is for them only a prospect of infinitely extended futility. Mr. Greene neither hopes nor expects: that which is, is, and there is nothing to be done about it. But he does accomplish as much as he attempts in "England Made Me"; the book is a compelling image of corruption and decay. Greene never surmounts the immediate fact of a ruling class which lacks both personal ideals and historical purpose; he sees nothing that may restore meaning and direction to the lives of men; but he does reproduce, with clarity and conviction, a segment of the poisoned present and its sugar-coated memories of a poisoned past.

ROBERT LANN

A Quest of the Spirit

Autobiography. By John Cournos. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

THE contradictions and digressions of life spun out in a world of disorder created in Mr. Cournos the need to discover a significant pattern. His "Autobiography," in spite of its studied informality, is the chronicle of a quest for spiritual order. Tormented by the cruelty and folly of the little men who strutted over the Western world of his day, Mr. Cournos sought to establish an inner peace which might enable him to transcend the futile gesturings of his contemporaries.

As a boy haunted by pogroms in Russia, as a young man bending before the machine in America, as a mature novelist bewildered by war madness in England, he tried to define his faith in a universe of eternally fixed values existing independently of ugly accidents. Though these values appeared to conflict with the mechanized world in which men were losing their way, Mr. Cournos chose to reject machinery rather than love and beauty and truth. He turned his back on materialism: "I had come into a world from which the last unity was going, the last authority, synthesis, and God Himself going. And there were coming into their place scatteredness, chaos, multiplicity, specialization, anarchy, no one God but every man a god-unto-himself, a fanatical irreligion with devotees dancing around the Machine."

The machine is the villain of this history; the spirit is the hero. It is the conflict, as Mr. Cournos sees it, between Wells and Yeats, Picasso and Gauguin. He despises behaviorists and technocrats and efficiency experts; it is not difficult to imagine his reaction to Stakhanovism. To the capitalists and to the Communists he cries, "A plague on both your houses." What religion is to the Communists, Mr. Cournos remarks, the machine is to him. He might have added that what, in his opinion, the machine is to the Communists, religion—the worship of what he calls "the eternal verities"—is to him. This accounts for his attraction to Hassidism, the Sermon on the Mount, the poetry of Yeats, and the personality of Gordon Craig. And it accounts, too, one may suppose, for the sense of frustration with which this book may leave many readers. For it is overwhelmingly clear that, compared to the difficulty of scrapping the machine, the problem of humanizing it through social control, great as this may be, is infinitesimal. Mr. Cournos's lifelong protest against the monsters of mechanism suggests the ineffectual flapping of Shelleyan wings. This protest is more than noble; it is tragic, for it anticipates death. The fate of older men, Mr. Cournos remarks, is to straddle generations which are in many respects poles apart. It is melancholy to reflect that youth is inclined to find Mr. Cournos's precarious balance a trifle ridiculous. The machine can't be bucked; it must be bossed. John Cournos's significant pattern is an interesting personal phenomenon which illuminates a phase of history. On the present and immediate future it throws only a murky light.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Shorter Notices

Mark Twain's Notebook. Prepared for Publication with Comments by Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper and Brothers. $4.

Mr. Paine's "Life" of Mark Twain, the "Autobiography," and the "Letters" have made the temper of the present volume so much a matter of common knowledge that its publication at this late date can bring few novelties to light, and comes as something of an anticlimax. The volume is interesting, nevertheless, as showing its author's private mind over a period of forty years, from 1865 to 1905; and as showing how little difference there was between this mind and his public one. The "heresies" are rare and mild, at least as far as their content is concerned; their style is another thing, since it often grows incandescent with rage or sorrow or triumph, and since it marks a number of passages here as among the best the man ever wrote. The "Notebook" will have to take its place, if a minor one, along with the three works mentioned above in any Mark Twain collection pretending to be complete.

The Four Georges. By Sir Charles Petrie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

In a book remarkable for witty insight and wise concision Sir Charles Petrie has set forth a "revaluation" of the eighteenth century. Unlike the average historian Sir Charles does not regard the revolutionary years of George III's time as marking a distinctive break with the past, and sees fit, therefore, to continue the century to the death of George IV. There are a number of other things which he does not regard in the usual manner. He sees the failure of the Jacobite movement as an encouragement for mishandling the Enclosure Acts and as an aid in the establishment of the "religion of property," with Parliament subsequently becoming an organ of the rich. Incidentally he throws some new light upon the activities of William Shippen, the first modern "opposition leader." These early chapters establish the point of departure for a new thesis. With the advent of the age of reason (bourgeois variety) the author turns to the new urban influences which were accentuated by the prior ruin of agriculture. The textbook myth of

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industrialism ruining agriculture by causing landless folk to flock to the cities he explodes. He lays considerable emphasis on the cleavage of East and West in London and on the trends which would eventually help to create social-reform pleas and Victorian humanitarianism. Excellent material is included on related subjects, literary, dramatic, artistic, and "modish." A fine chapter on "the struggle for existence" is followed by a brilliant treatment of "the coming of the machine," 1760-96. This the author links with the decline of classicism and the emanation of romanticism—individualism reasserting itself against the new universalism. Alluding to nineteenth-century humanitarianism, Sir Charles adumbrates the background of those laboring conditions which strangely escaped the notice of the Society for the Abolition of Negro Slavery. His sympathies throughout are with the workers, the creators, against the stodgy, self-satisfied mercantile and industrial interests.

Mottke the Thief. By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Asch's novel has very little in common with most of the fiction being written today: not only is it closer to ancient racial traditions than to contemporary attitudes, but it possesses qualities of vigor and naivete not generally associated with the novel as we have come to know it. And one may search in vain for modern prototypes of Mr. Asch's hero. Drawn almost casually, without benefit of analysis or social viewpoint, he yet emerges as a vivid and full-sized human being, capable of enlisting our sympathies even while he is doing his utmost to antagonize us. Mottke is a liar, a bully, and a thief; he brings shame on his father, breaks his mother's heart, kills his rival, deserts his girl, and lives off women—yet the reader is continually drawn to him, continually on edge lest he be caught, and suffers with him at the end when, betrayed by his fiancee into the hands of the police, he would seem to be getting only his just deserts. To create so sympathetic a character out of such antipathetic material—and to do so, moreover, with such apparent ease—requires talent of a high order. But this is not all: "Mottke the Thief" is further to be valued for its humor, which again is like nothing in the modern world, being of a distinctly peasant flavor—at once bold and sly, naive and worldly-wise, coarsely farcical and profoundly sympathetic, and always cropping up in odd places, like the touch of nature that it is. "Mottke the Thief" is not a great novel; for all its vitality it is slight in substance, and none of the other characters attain to quite the bulk and stature of the hero. But Mr. Asch's touch is so sure, his imagination so robust, and his attitude toward life so seasoned that this picaresque tale of the last century seems far closer to reality than many a novel of the contemporary scene.

Recorded Music

IT has become a commonplace of musical reviewing to praise Arthur Schnabel's playing of Beethoven, to say that here we are given Beethoven without the interpreter's getting in the way of the music, to call Schnabel in this sense the Toscanini of the keyboard, the virtuoso who has too much musicianship to play like one. It may, then, be enough to record the fact that the series of five concertos is completed by him this month with the recording of No. 2 in B flat. It was the first composed of the five, and though labeled Opus 19, is in style and content far nearer Haydn and Mozart than the Opus 18 quartets. That is how it is played. The rondo movement comes out as the merriest of tripping tunes and could be easily taken for even early Haydn.

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Astonishing progress has been made recently in the process of recording, and no piano concerto published even two years ago can compare with this one in faithfulness of reproduction. Yet one could wish either that Mr. Schnabel had used a better piano or that the microphone had been more advantageously placed. Certain notes in the region of an octave and a half above middle C ring out as if a piece of metal had been used in place of the piano strings, while the different registers sound almost as if they belonged to different pianos. These defects, though, are minor matters in this authoritative and beautiful playing of the most infrequently performed of the concertos.

Almost flawless piano reproduction may be heard on the two records that comprise the Bach-Busoni Toccata in C major played by Arthur Rubinstein, a pianist heard too seldom in this country. The fugue is a lesson in clear articulation; and while purists may have some fault to find with some of the pedaling in the intermezzo, there is, after all, nothing completely pure to purists.

The London Philharmonic, conducted by Malcolm Sargent, accompanies the whole series of Beethoven concertos previously mentioned. This same organization, under Serge Koussevitzky, is represented this month by the Mozart G minor symphony. Again on account of mechanical progress, this often played symphony has never sounded so well on records. The delicate balancing of choirs in the second movement is particularly noteworthy. Too often, in less inspired hands, this movement seems to be only a dull prelude to the most satisfactory of all Mozart minuets. Indeed, the very excellence of the recording is a drawback to some extent, in that the woodwinds of the orchestra are shown up to be inferior to the strings in attack if not in tone quality. However, this is an unimportant fault and will take careful listening to detect. The orchestra is good, but it is not the equal of Mr. Koussevitzky's own Bostonians, who under the name of the Boston "Pops" Orchestra and under the direction of Max Fiedler have turned in the best orchestral recordings of recent months. You may be somewhat tired of the compositions, but for sheer brilliance of performance and reproduction try this organization's "Dance of the Hours" or Handel's Largo.

Almost invariably the recitalist in the concert hall requires the better part of the first group to warm up and to establish rapport with the audience. In a studio-recorded recital this difficulty is obviated; and so one may enjoy Lotte Lehman's album of *Lieder* from beginning to end without the nervous hope that she will surely soon reach her well-loved best. This recital includes two *Lieder* each by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, and three by Brahms. With the possible exceptions of "Ungeduld" and "Anacreons Grab," all are unhackneyed. The skilful accompaniments by Erno Balogh are kept in the background with almost tenacious modesty.

At its finest one could want no better *Lieder* singing than Lotte Lehman's—witness her performance of the Schumann and the Wolf songs. Conscience demands the report that heavy breathing and an occasional operatic attack on certain phrases of Mozart's "Die Verschweigung" and Brahms's "Meine Liebe ist grün" do not help the line of the melody. But the volume as a whole is recommended for the drama and intelligence of the interpretations and for the beauty of Frau Lehman's voice.

All records mentioned in this review are Victor records.

HENRY SIMON

[*Mr. Simon's comments on new records will appear every other week.*]

Correction

In *The Nation* for February 5 the price of "The Handbook of Marxism," by Emile Burns, was given as $1.75. The correct price is $3.

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